

THE SOUTH TO POSTERITY

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE
WRITING OF CONFEDERATE HISTORY

BY

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FREEMAN

Author of R. E. LEE



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To

MARY TYLER *and* LESLIE

who understand

FOREWORD

Part of the contents of this volume was delivered as three addresses at the Alabama College, the State College for Women, in April, 1939, to inaugurate the *Dancy Lectures*.

These Lectures, endowed by a bequest from Unity Dandridge Dancy of Morgan County, Alabama, have been dedicated to the revaluation of culture in the Southern states. Doctor Freeman in his previous contributions to research and in his temper as a critic of Southern life and letters represents the distinctive service to scholarship that it is hoped the Dancy Lectures will foster. He represents also the type of scholar that will be invited to prepare each succeeding series—one recognized above all for integrity and sanity, and qualified to interpret the complex story of sectional aspiration in relation to the national culture.

Alabama College acknowledges with gratitude the generous co-operation of the first Dancy lecturer, and with pride presents to inquiring readers his revealing study of an era usually obscured by conflicting emotions and, perhaps for that reason, too often neglected.

A. W. VAUGHAN, CHAIRMAN
Faculty Committee on
the Dancy Lectures

October, 1939
Alabama College
Montevallo, Alabama

INTRODUCTION

THIS BOOK had a somewhat curious origin. After the publication of Margaret Mitchell's *Gone with the Wind*, Clifford Dowdey's *Bugles Blow No More* and other recent works dealing with the Confederate era, those of us who work in that field received many inquiries that could be summarized in five words: "What shall I read next?" I hope we had sense enough to recommend at the outset the aperitifs and not the heavy works; but as requests came for "More" and "Still More," I know that I, for one, had to bestir myself, to recall old books and, in effect, to prepare a somewhat elaborate bibliography.

The comments from some of those to whom I sent lists of books were surprising. Numerous Northern and Western correspondents seemed to have caught the spirit of the Confederacy and to have become sympathizers, champions even. I never quite swallowed the story of the Connecticut lady of abolitionist stock who was alleged to have exclaimed, "Those damn Yankees!" as she read Miss Mitchell's description of Sherman's march to the sea; but I began to

wonder if the children of the Confederates who lost the war in the field were, in the realm of letters, winning the peace. I became interested to ascertain which were the books that seemed to have made new protagonists of the South. It soon was apparent that Confederate history was most persuasive where authors had the least intention of making it so. Those writers who sought to overwhelm by mustered argument and paraded declamation succeeded only in destroying interest; those made friends who told simply or quaintly, with humor or with color, of what they had seen and experienced.

I wondered if this had been true, also, when the books appeared, and to ascertain the facts I began an inquiry into the circumstances under which various books on the Confederacy were written and of the reception accorded them. The result was puzzling. Most of the early books for which immortality was predicted by reviewers are in oblivion. Many that were mentioned patronizingly, if at all, are read with zest today. Either there was a special lure to great names then, or else there has been an immense change of taste since. After I put together my notes, I found that I had a brief history of Confederate history. Part of this I used as the Dancy Lectures at Alabama State

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College for Women in the spring of 1939. The whole of it appears here for the first time. That it is no more than an Introduction to the subject, I should like to emphasize. The bibliography is not even in tenth part covered. Of the memoirs and narratives of the Confederate navy I have said nothing because I do not know enough about them, as yet, to make my judgment worth recording. I have noted the trends very briefly, I have attempted no more than a tentative grouping, and I have described summarily some works that in their time were regarded as of first importance. The greater part of my space I have given to those books which, so far as my knowledge of Confederate literature extends, have the most enduring interest and possess those elements of conviction, of sincerity and of human appeal that have brought a new generation of Americans to an understanding of the Southern point of view.

With the fullest admiration for Miss Mitchell, Mr. Dowdey and other contemporary writers on the Confederacy, I have to confess I am not sure I understand all the reasons for the steady increase in the number of those who read deeply of the South's four-year struggle. The reasons must go beyond the familiar emotional appeal of a Jacobite ideal or a "Lost Cause."

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Have we here a modern analogy to the explanation G. Lowes Dickinson gives in *The Greek View of Life* for the popularity of Athenian tragedy? Do the woes of the individual in this time of economic revolution and of spiritual doubt seem less in the shadow of the overwhelming calamity of the South? It may be so. To spirits perplexed or in panic there may be offered, in the story of the Confederacy, the strange companionship of misery. In a more positive sense, as I try to point out in the final paragraph of Chapter IX, there is stimulation, perhaps inspiration, in making the intimate acquaintance, through candid memoirs, of men and women unafraid. If the quotations that sprinkle these pages give any one even a little of the courage and cheer of those whose words are here set down, this book may serve a better purpose than that of an introduction to the writing of Confederate history.

DOUGLAS SOUTHALL FREEMAN.

Westbourne,
Richmond, Virginia,
August 18 1939.

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CHAPTER I

PUNCTUATED BY GUN-FIRE

THE FIRST historians of the Confederacy were, of course, those who wrote home of the events they had witnessed, those who supplied the press with its reports, and those who determined they would preserve letters or paste newspaper articles in scrapbooks.

It would be an interesting, and now an amusing and now a pathetic, task to collect and to publish a collection of diversified and therefore typical soldiers' letters. Written by tens of thousands, they must survive by hundreds. Some of them would help to explain the morale of the Confederate armies, a morale so notable that the United States Army War College annually studies it. Other letters would demonstrate what the totalitarians deny in vain—that the course of human events may change but human nature does not. The coward, the self-seeker, the glutton, the sentimentalist—these are not eliminated by war. They are aggravated. Equally in many of the letters does strength

of character appear. Save for the test of living a long time alone, there probably is none that more surely exhibits the man than the letter he writes home, for no other eye than that of his wife or mother, from a filthy camp, on the rainy eve of battle. No less amazing than the veritable transfiguration of spiritual natures is the immunity of a certain type to all the shocks of conflict.

In the Confederate Museum, Richmond, Virginia, are the letters of Private William H. Routt, of Eubank's Battery, Alexander's Artillery Battalion, Longstreet's Corps.¹ Routt apparently had little schooling, but he possessed strong political opinions, had an eye for the dramatic and suffered from a most prodigious appetite. He served as cook to the commanding officer and, we may assume, took a cook's usual toll. This was not enough. Whenever he was near enough home for packages to reach him, he usually made requests for food the main theme of his letters to his wife. When times grew tight, he proposed that the family treasures be sold. He was willing for \$20 to part with the "big dictionary," which probably was in what the second-hand dealers call "immaculate condition," and he bade his wife offer Benton's works for \$20, though he had his doubts whether so much

would be paid for the words of the gentleman from Missouri, multitudinous though they were. Comrade Routt's account of the religious service on the day that Jackson died at Guiney's Station has a genuine dignity, and his narrative of Gettysburg is the soldier's apologia; but as the end draws on in the gloomy trenches of Petersburg the half-starved human triumphs over the humble historian and he writes for a "small piece of cooked chine and a loaf of saltrising bread," with a "little red pepper" as an afterthought. Although occasionally in Routt's letters there was the grumble of the private soldier, and once the prediction that a day was coming when "every tub will have to stand on its own bottom," war to him connoted hunger. The chief duty of the soldier was to find more food than the commissary could provide.

Another collection of letters, covering virtually the whole of the war, exhibits the state of mind of a well-educated boy of high station, whose family lived on a well-managed plantation. He began as a private and rose at length to the grade of lieutenant. The ebb and flow of victory he duly recorded, with full confidence in the final victory of the South; but the tone of his letters was indistinguishable in other respects from that of the spoiled rich man's son away at college.

Those letters that did not ask for boxes of food detailed his endless pleas for more clothes, the cut and quality of which he specified as carefully as if he had been in Bond Street. To him, incredibly, war meant fashion.

A third series of war letters, recently brought to light, are those of a brilliant Confederate officer, who left home at the first summons and faithfully wrote his young wife almost daily. Many a page is darkened by homesickness, that sinister malady of the mind, which was so common among the soldiers and so serious that the printed forms for medical report contained an entry for nostalgia precisely as for pneumonia. This particular homesick soldier went one night to a dance in a town where his regiment was stationed and, during the evening, he waltzed with a young lady who offered to knit him a muffler. He dutifully answered that he would much rather she made something he could send his wife, but after his companion declined, he unwisely and somewhat complacently wrote his spouse about the incident. Until he was killed in battle, a year and a half later, he had to apologize again and again for the dance, the conversation and the offending letter. To him, at the end, war meant jealousy.

Many of the soldiers were ardent suitors. One young girl of Petersburg, Virginia, the daughter of a hospitable officer who had been assigned to post-duty, must have "had a way" with the boys who visited the home. The letters she received from them ran the gamut from camp chatter to the most ardent protestations of love. Among them is a careful document, penned most elaborately by an artillery sergeant who proceeded with soldierly point to declare his mission:

Reserve Artillery,—Army Corps
Chancellorsville, May 24, 1863

Miss Dollie.

I trust that you will excuse my seeming presumption in thus addressing you without your consent, but I cannot suppress my constant and sincere feelings any longer. I have concluded to make you a confession and that is 'I love you.' Yes, sincerely and devotedly do I love, and you alone, no other being on earth can share my affections. You cannot imagine my devotedness, words are not capable of rendering that expression which would suffice, and were I to say that you are constantly in my thoughts, I would not be exaggerating. Now, dearest Dollie, I desire to know whether my love is reciprocated, if so, my happiness will be complete, if not, my anguish will be

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unendurable. If you accept of this my confession
you will respond to it immediately, if not, con-
sider my sincerity and destroy it. Hoping that
you are well, and asking God's guidance over you,
I remain

Yours devotedly,

—Army Corps,—Regt. Va. Arty.

(Miss Dollie —

Petersburg City, Virginia)

There is, alas, not a line on letter or envelope to indicate in what terms she phrased her reply—but she kept his letter all her life.

If references to these four collections do not give a serious picture of war, or illustrate anything more than the simple thesis that war reveals the man, one gets a nobler confirmation in the war-time correspondence of high souls. Of this number was Alexander Cheves Haskell, whose memoirs and letters, admirably edited by his daughter, Mrs. Louise Haskell Daly, were privately printed for the family in 1934.² Alexander Haskell was of most distinguished South Carolina stock and was connected by blood or marriage with most of those whose names were "writ large" in the history of his State. A brilliant student at South Carolina College, he was little more than twenty-one when

secession came. He volunteered at once in Company D, First South Carolina Infantry, under the beloved Maxcy Gregg, to whose staff he soon was promoted. In September, 1861, he married the brilliant Decca Singleton only to lose her, a few days after the birth of their child. Grief over her death at a time when he could not be at her side deepened the seriousness of his nature and turned his mind toward the things of the spirit. Midway the war, April 2, 1863, when he was a staff officer under Gregg's successor, Samuel McGowan, he opened his heart to his mother in this letter which surely is one of the most beautiful born of war:

I thank you for your last letter and all that was in it. It came fraught with counsels of love and wisdom which I can remember in your words from my tenderest years. I do thank God with all my heart for the mercies with which he has mingled his just chastening of my unruly heart.

As yet, as you well say, my poor little orphan has not known her loss. What we both have lost, my heart in its agony, in its sad desolation and lonely future, may feel. My tongue has not yet learned to frame the words to express it. But the God who has brought me resignation and granted me submission to His will, can surely protect the

Orphan whose cause is pleaded by an Angel Mother. I have not often the luxury of feeling. I can seldom undisturbed remember the past or gaze into the future. Perhaps 'tis best that the Light should not be too much contrasted with such gloom. This was the month in which I last saw her, who I vainly hoped would be with me unto the end. One year has brought its changes, and what a bitter lesson with them. Is life made up of this; have I just begun the stern schooling which tests the hearts of men for the rewards of Heaven? The sword may fall heavily again but its keenest edge has gone. God grant my prayer that I have not suffered in vain. I begin again to fear. Life and hope are awakening anew and I begin already to hug too closely my idols of earth. I dread almost my love for my poor little Baby, lest this too must go. Her Mother's last prayer was to teach her the love of Christ. For this I would live, or trust to God if I suddenly die.

I have used the serious word of death, and it is one which at this time at least we should not shun. It is painful to think of losing a dear one, God knows, but learn, both Father and Mother, as I doubt not you have, to look upon the loss of one or more of your sons as the probable event of the ensuing campaign. Expect it not with shud-

dering or dread, but as the consummation of the sacrifice freely, willingly, advisedly offered, for the sake of God and our Country . . . I tell you because I know what it is to have a Loved One snatched from me when I was far away and could get no assuring look from her closing eyes, no whisper of faith and comfort from her dying lips. Long before she had stood face to face with Death, she made me listen when I feared to hear the ghastly word from such living lips. Thank God! She did speak and her words, coming from a heart of truth itself, are now my hope, my comfort, my consolation. What misery of doubt did these oft repeated assurances of her foresee and guard against, thinking even in death of all that might spare me, surviving, an unnecessary pang.

Expect death among us then not to dread it with undefined horror, but to prepare to accept God's will with hope and resignation. Forgive me, dear Mother, if I say too much, but I know, oh so bitterly, the revulsion from too great hopefulness.

I feel as every grateful creature of God does the value and sweetness of life. As every youth does, the yearning to play his part in the great drama. I feel that animal courage is brutish and unreliable, but that trust in God will never fail,

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and that duty to God and love of God and our Country will bear the weakest through perils where the heart of the Sun himself would turn pale with fear. The Battle then has lost its terrors and only opens the field for achievements which will crown a man with glory. Do not fear that the blood and turmoil of Battle must fill the heart with evil passions. The Christian soldier enters upon a field of glory and ennobled duty, with his mind unclouded, his heart calm, serene and confident, with every energy of intellect and body strung to the highest tension, to do the work for God and right which He has made sacred and inviolable.

If I fall upon any distant battlefield, if you never hear another word from my lips, if no friend is near me, if all is violent and painful, if all the horrors of a bloody death are marked upon my body, be assured that I go with my eyes upon the gates of Heaven, my heart uplifted in prayer. I lie down to rest until the gates of Heaven are opened, and all we love are once more joined together.

After those paragraphs were written, Death grazed Alexander Haskell often. On October 7, 1864, when he had risen to be colonel of the Seventh South Carolina Cavalry, he charged into a Federal column on

the Darbytown Road, east of Richmond, and fought an action that evoked the cheers of men who had seen all the valor of Sharpsburg, of Gettysburg and of the Bloody Angle. Happily, too, he recovered from his desperate wound and lived to fight the battles of reconstruction. It is much to be regretted that his memoirs and letters, which are among the dozen most charming books of Confederate history, should not have been published for general circulation.

Of the contemporary newspaper reports, it must suffice to say that along with some excellent reporting, there was no end of speculation, of eulogy and of stupid flattery. It was said of one Confederate general that he had four newspaper editors on his military staff, and of Stonewall Jackson, in contrast, that he never permitted an army correspondent to remain in his camp if ever he ascertained the writer's presence. The reporters were few in number—one of them is known to have written simultaneously for eighteen journals—and they faced difficulties that sometimes balked the best of them. In 1864-65, even when correspondents could deliver their dispatches to the telegraph office or to the post, they had always the sickening doubt whether newsprint would be available to publish what they sent. A singular light on the contrasting circum-

stances of North and South is afforded by the fact that while Southern newspapers were reduced to a single sheet of gray paper, Northern journals were being expanded by war news and war advertising to proportions nearer those of today than those of the ante-bellum era.

Clippings from newspapers must have been made into scrapbooks by thousands of persons. Scarcely a month passes that does not bring such volumes to the market. They contain, of course, much material that scarcely can be found elsewhere, but they are provoking sources. The historian does not always know what to accept and what to reject and, above all, he finds perplexity in the frequent omission of all references to the papers from which the extracts were made.

Perhaps the most interesting of these scrapbooks are those that may be termed palimpsests. The original had not been scratched out as medieval monks sometimes erased classic texts in order to use the parchment for some dull narrative of fictitious miracles, but often old records were used for war-clippings. A few years ago, under familiar clippings—most of them from the *National Intelligencer*—were found the records of the once-flourishing port at Havre de Grace. It is safe to say that the lists of entries and clearances will prove

of far greater interest to Maryland historians than the clippings will. Still more recently a lady in Lynchburg, Virginia, came upon a volume of cuttings that related chiefly to the two battles of Manassas. The items were pasted on the cash-book of a young attorney of Franklin County, who later was Lt. Gen. Jubal A. Early. It well may be that the clippings are of much less interest than the underlying record of the nature, extent and compensation of a country lawyer's practice in the eighteen-forties.

From the newspapers were taken the materials for the first known historical works on the battles of the South.³ Often in the same journals appear the pathetic poems that constitute so large a part of Confederate literature. As early as 1862, "Bohemian," one of the best of the war correspondents, published 210 pages of the *War Songs of the South*,⁴ some of them worse than mediocre and some of them worth remembering. These were the verses that had come under the eye of one man only. Others were printed by the thousand, literally. Tucker deLeon notes that before he published his *South Songs* he had more than 1900 and he increased that number greatly in later years.⁵ It may be doubted whether, even now, half of them have been gleaned from old newspapers and magazine files.

Whether they are worth the gleaners' time is another question, because, with a score of treasured exceptions, this verse has a clumsy, imitative quality that will surprise and disappoint any student. Southerners of that period were original in their conversation; why did so many of them find no better way of expressing their poetic impulses than in palpable attempts to imitate Byron, Macaulay, and lesser men?

The death of "Stonewall" Jackson in May, 1863, redoubled the writing of verse in the Confederacy. Jackson at that time was far more the hero of the Confederacy⁶ than Lee or Albert Sidney Johnston or Beauregard. His perfect death at the hour of his greatest glory produced more poems than any other single event of the war. Followed as his passing was, within less than two months, by the fall of Vicksburg and the defeat at Gettysburg, it raised for the first time a doubt of Confederate victory.

It is with Jackson, also, that the formal biography of the Confederate period begins. In connection with it appears the name of John Esten Cooke. This interesting man, born of high, intellectual stock, had become a novelist before the War between the States and, in 1854, had produced a very creditable book, now little read, *The Virginia Comedians*. Soon after

the outbreak of the war, he became a member of the staff of "Jeb" Stuart, rose to the rank of major and proved an excellent officer. On the march, in camp and in the revealing companionship of war, he met most of the high-ranking Confederates in the Army of Northern Virginia; and of many of them, now professionally, now as a Southern champion, he wrote at length. His little biography of Jackson, published in 1863, republished in 1865 and enlarged in 1876, cannot be regarded as a distinguished work. In many particulars it is lamentably inaccurate, but it is to him that history owes the first adequate description of Jackson, the soldier even in the contest with that last enemy death, crying out in his delirium: "Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action; pass the infantry to the front!"⁷

In 1863, also, Markinfield Addey issued in New York another biography of Jackson which, though undistinguished in other respects, is notable for fine spirit. Said the author in his preface: "The people of the North cannot but honor the noble qualities which existed in one they had so much cause to fear, and at whose hands they so much suffered. Whilst they must ever regret that Jackson, at the period of his doubtings, should have finally decided to espouse the

cause of the South, they cannot decline to pay fitting homage to the memory of one who was so noble in heart and so chivalric in action.”⁸

This book and several by Southern authors were published in New York and were distributed without recorded protest on the part of the Federal Government. Engravings of Confederate leaders also were advertised in the North, though their delivery had to be made by express.⁹ As Confederate books of Northern publication made the utmost of Southern generalship and often disparaged Federal leaders, circulation of these works was recognition, at definite risk, of the freedom of the press. While several of these books were shamelessly pirated, there may be more to the story than yet has been uncovered. Study of the sympathies and affiliation of Northern publishers of Southern books might be illuminating. At the least, one may be permitted to wonder whether, in the course of another World War, laudation of the strategy and military prowess of a foreign foe would be permitted in the United States.

No less interesting than the early formal lives of Jackson were the biographical tracts distributed to Confederate soldiers. Some of the religious organizations of the South decided that brief sketches of slain

soldiers of known valor well might supplement the tracts that were little more than brief sermons or spiritual exhortations. At least three of these biographical tracts are in existence.¹⁰ One of them has a definite literary tone and includes some letters not unworthy of comparison with Alexander Haskell's.¹¹ Another, not quite so good, had circulation of 25,000 or more.¹² If publications of this type provoke the mirth of propagandists who rely on the sharper weapon of hate, it should not be forgotten that the "great revival" of 1862-63 in the Army of Northern Virginia¹³ contributed to the morale not only of the war but also of the reconstruction.

The men who responded to the appeal of religion and of literature had been told by politicians before the outbreak of the war that "Cotton was King" and that England would recognize the Confederacy in order to keep the mills of Lancashire running. Southerners, for this reason, looked toward England with high expectancy, and they read with absorbed eyes all that appeared about the Confederacy in the British press. They received, in the same spirit, with the utmost cordiality those Britishers who came to this country as war-correspondents and as military observers. Among the correspondents was William

Howard Russell, then just past forty. He was *primus inter pares* in his calling, the man who had gone to the Crimea for the London *Times* and had written the shocking dispatches that caused the downfall of the Aberdeen ministry. It is to him, by the way, that England owes the phrase, "the thin red line." He employed it for the first time in his description of Balaclava.

Russell arrived in New York March 16, 1861. As if in omen of what was to happen to him, he fell into disfavor with some of the passengers, while coming up the bay, because he would not say that the scenery of the harbor was pretty. After landing, he made his way southward to Norfolk and went by rail to Charleston and on to New Orleans. Thence he returned North up the Mississippi Valley and came to Washington in time to witness the First Battle of Manassas. He was as personal in his dispatches as a New York columnist would be in our time, and as he was a man of very violent prejudices, he spoke bluntly of what he saw. He offended the Confederates greatly by his comments on slavery and on Southern usages; but when at length the blockade runners brought from London the newspapers that told of his precipitate flight from Manassas, the South had its revenge. From

that day onward, he was "Bull Run" Russell. Ere long he made himself as unpopular in the North as he was in the South. He occupied, in fact, an impossible position, because he was hostile to the South while his paper editorially supported the Confederacy. In April, 1862, he left New York, and washed his hands of the American war, except for the publication of *My Diary, North and South*,¹⁴ a book which all read and all abused—perhaps a tribute to his journalistic skill.

"Bull Run" Russell is mentioned not so much as a historian of the Confederacy as a contrast to Lt. Col. Arthur Lyon Fremantle, who came to the South on leave from the British army in April, 1863. Landing at the mouth of the Rio Grande he journeyed northward, passed through Mobile, reached Richmond, and hurried to the headquarters of the Army of Northern Virginia just a week before Gettysburg was fought. He observed that ghastly conflict and then bade his Southern friends farewell. The Federals were suspicious of him when he went into their lines, but they accepted his credentials and permitted him to go on to New York. Thence he recrossed the Atlantic and soon issued his *Three Months in the Southern States*. A more dignified picture of the Confederate cause could not have been presented. "I have not attempted to

conceal any of the peculiarities or defects of the Southern people," he said in his preface, and continued: "Many people will doubtless highly disapprove of some of their customs and habits in the wilder portion of the country; but I think no generous man, whatever may be his political opinions, can do otherwise than admire the courage, energy, and patriotism of the whole population, and the skill of its leaders, in this struggle against great odds. And I am also of opinion that many will agree with me in thinking that a people in which all ranks and both sexes display a unanimity and a heroism which can never have been surpassed in the history of the world, is destined, sooner or later, to become a great and independent nation."¹⁵ These were words the South was glad to reprint in its own edition of Fremantle's *Three Months*,¹⁶ even though the book had to be bound in wallpaper that had been purchased for Alabama homes. Fremantle, it is pleasant to record, later became commander of the Guards Brigade and, as Sir Arthur Lyon Fremantle, K.C.M.G., was Governor of Malta and a gracious host to all old Confederates he met.¹⁷

Only a word may be said of two other foreign observers whose sympathy and publications heartened the South. One of these was Capt. Fitzgerald Ross,

who, despite a name as Scotch as heather, was a captain of Austrian Hussars. With Fremantle and Captain Justus Scheibert, the Prussian observer, he was a witness to the battle of Gettysburg and wrote of it, plainly but clearly, in a series of articles he prepared for *Blackwood's Magazine*. There was no polite sympathy about Captain Ross. He was so vehement and outspoken a supporter of the South that his *Visit to the Cities and Camps of the Confederate States*¹⁸ makes lively reading now.

The other foreign observer who won the hearts of the South was—to give him his Confederate title—Major Heros von Borcke. This huge Pomeranian cavalryman joined “Jeb” Stuart near Richmond when the commander of Lee’s cavalry was sharpening his blade for the famous “ride around McClellan.” At once adopted into Stuart’s “official family,” von Borcke remained with the corps, a daring aide, until he was badly wounded in the Battle of Brandy Station or Fleetwood Hill, June 9, 1863. After months of illness, von Borcke reconciled himself to the fact that he never could take the field again with Stuart, and he determined to return to Europe in the hope of aiding the Southern cause there. In *Blackwood's Magazine*, September, 1865–June, 1866, he published his experi-

ences. Upon the termination of the war of 1866 with Austria, through which he served in the Third Prussian Dragoons, he reissued his narrative in two volumes as *Memoirs of the Confederate War for Independence*.¹⁹ Although it came too late to do more than stir Southern pride in the black night of reconstruction, von Borcke's book is one that no student of Confederate history will forget. Swords clash and bugles blow on every page of it. If, as the record shows, von Borcke sometimes made personal to himself the exploits of other members of Stuart's staff . . . well, they had gallant exploits to spare.

Of a score and more Confederate works that carry a war-time English imprint, two have special interest. It will be remembered that during the years 1855-60, when Washington had a "republican court" of real brilliance, one of its wealthiest and most beautiful women was Mrs. Rose Greenhow, a native of Maryland and aunt of the scintillating Addie Cutts, who, in her own right, was a great-niece of President Madison and subsequently married Senator Stephen A. Douglas.²⁰ Mrs. Greenhow's sympathies were overwhelmingly and emotionally on the side of the South. From some of her many guests she learned on July 16, 1861, that General McDowell was about to march on the

Confederate army at Manassas. She immediately dispatched a messenger to her friend, Col. Thomas Jordan, Beauregard's chief of staff and head of the embryonic intelligence service of the Southern forces on Bull Run. This message Mrs. Greenhow followed the next day with more explicit warning. It has been assumed, and probably aright, that this was the most precise information on which General Beauregard based his defence. Mrs. Greenhow was duly thanked, through Colonel Jordan, by President Davis himself, but, ere long, she was arrested under suspicion of being a spy and was imprisoned in Washington for months. When finally liberated and sent through the Confederate lines, she was welcomed with great acclaim in Richmond, where she soon had virtually the same social prestige she had enjoyed in Washington. For reasons that were certainly patriotic, though their exact nature never has been disclosed, she went to England and there, in 1863, published *My Imprisonment and the First Year of Abolition Rule in Washington*.²¹ It is a bitter book and contributes little to knowledge of the war, but it was rendered most effective by the charm of its authoress. One cannot think of a more appealing agent for the support of the chivalrous element in Britain than this beautiful, dark-

haired widow, who knew every social art and had mastered the none-too-complicated technique of winning masculine sympathy. A brave woman she was, who continued in the secret service of the Confederacy until a grim day in 1864 when she was drowned in escaping from the blockade-runner that had brought her to Wilmington, North Carolina. The key to the code she employed in her correspondence with the government still exists. It was taken from her dead body at Fort Fisher and it was pathetically simple to any one who would employ even the elementary methods that Poe described in *The Gold Bug*, but it was evidence of her devotion.

Mrs. Greenhow's *Imprisonment*, the narratives of returned "military observers" and the multitude of pro-Southern articles in British newspapers were re-enforced by *The Index*. This remarkable publication, into which every student of Confederate history should dip, is a reminder that propaganda is not a new art. When the Confederacy sent James M. Mason and John Slidell to Europe to seek the recognition of foreign powers, it became apparent that the South needed an organ in which developments could be presented the English-reading public precisely as the diplomatic agents desired them to appear. This led to

the establishment in May, 1862, of *The Index*, a weekly review. To its editorial supervision, the Confederacy lent the best literary brains it could spare. Among its editors was John R. Thompson, one of the most promising poets of the South and for some years editor of *The Southern Literary Messenger*. Admirably printed, *The Index* is a unique Confederate publication and must have been one of the most effective of all organs of propaganda before the period of the World War. During its last months, it was published under the auspices of the Southern Independence Association, the president of which was Lord Wharncliffe, grandson of the James Archibald Stuart Wortley-Mackenzie, first Baron Wharncliffe, who, as Stuart-Wortley, appears so conspicuously in opposition to the reform bill of 1832. It would be worth while for some investigator to go beyond John Bigelow's pages and ascertain more fully the names and connections of leading Southern sympathizers in England. Assuredly a new generation would be diverted, though it might not be inspired by the career of the Confederacy's most vigorous parliamentary champion, John Arthur Roebuck, who probably was as independent in mind as any member of the Commons in his day. He it was who said of the Whigs, "When

out of office they are demagogues; in power they become exclusive oligarchs." At Salisbury, in 1862, while representing the Sheffield constituency, which had an army of intelligent laborers, he calmly expressed the view that "working men were spendthrifts and wife-beaters." That remark, his biographer in *D. N. B.* states with some moderation, "made him for a time unpopular with the artisan classes."

All the aspects of Southern historiography that have been mentioned thus far may be said to have had a pleasant or at least a sympathetic aspect. It would not be accurate to turn from the war-period to the reconstruction without mentioning the other phase. The South was united in 1861 to a remarkable degree for a region in which individualism was little short of creedal. The first rift came when General Beauregard asserted that sundry plans of his for an offensive had been thwarted by the President. During the dark month of February, 1862, which brought disaster at Fort Henry, at Fort Donelson and on Roanoke Island, a formal opposition to President Davis developed quickly. Its chief exponents in the press were R. Barnwell Rhett, father and son, who presented the bold and dubitable dogma, "We have read and we know"; John M. Daniel, a strange blend of genius and

misanthropy, editor of the Richmond *Examiner*; and Edward A. Pollard, Daniel's assistant, the first formal historian of the Confederacy. The senior Rhett, best known of these four, has been said to have combined as much of political consistency and of paradox as any man in the annals of the South.²² John M. Daniel was younger than Rhett, and was anxious to acquire a fortune that he might show the world how a country gentleman should live. He probably was without political ambition but he exemplified the type of patriotism which refuses to see that the meeting of minds is the shield of defence. Although Daniel's stilted and over-rhetorical attacks on Davis do not burn now with the fire his admirers saw in them, he always will be a living personality to any one fortunate enough to read the sketch of him written by one of his associates, Doctor George W. Bagby, under the title *John M. Daniel's Latch Key*.²³

Pollard was a well-born Virginian who had attended college and apparently had traveled rather widely before he became clerk of the Judiciary Committee of the Federal House of Representatives. Thence he went to Richmond and worked with Daniel until 1863, when, in ill-health, he ran the blockade to England to supervise there the publication of his writ-

ings. While on his return to America, he was captured and was imprisoned until January, 1865. In a memorable controversy after the war he was accused by Gen. D. H. Hill "of the most stupendous, wholesale plagiarism, ever perpetrated in the literary annals of the world."²⁴ As General Hill had personal reasons for disliking Pollard, this accolade of superlative plagiarism may not be entirely deserved. Pollard probably did "lift" much material from other newspapers without acknowledgment or even a casual by-your-leave, but he was a man of prodigious speed in composition. From 1859 to 1872 he published no less than twenty identifiable and dated books and pamphlets, and two other works that apparently cannot be dated. The best known of all these are his First, Second, Third and Fourth Years of the War, issued separately and combined as a *Southern History of the War*.²⁵ It is a book not to be trusted now for any other facts than those that came under the personal observation of the author, but is a remarkable example of the manner in which the form of history may be given to superficial, contemporary narrative. Pollard, sitting in a Richmond office through which drifted the sound of cannon, could write with an apparent detachment that would have done credit to a writer of another clime

and a later age. He must have had diligent publishers and a considerable audience, because few Confederate items appear more frequently in old-book catalogues than do Pollard's *Years*.

The writing of history in the Confederate States by Pollard and others had its echo in numerous periodicals, old and new. Many publishers sought to satisfy the reading-hunger of a people who found Northern magazines offensive even where procurable. As compared with *Harper's Weekly*, to which the war gave vast popularity, the best of the Southern substitutes was badly printed and worse illustrated, but the poorest of them was devoured. Bravely the most ambitious of these magazines, *The Southern Illustrated News*, sought to present sketches and woodcuts of Confederate commanders, which the owner subsequently assembled and reissued as a booklet.²⁸ *The Southern Literary Messenger* proclaimed early in the war: "A great work is to be done. A subject people are to be rescued from the domination of fanatics; a new literature and new centers of trade are to be established. Until this is accomplished, perish all minor matters." When one Richmond firm began with some success to market Confederate books, the South was told: "We will no longer be compelled to read the trashy

publications of itinerant Yankees . . . but will, in future, have Southern books written by Southern gentlemen, printed on Southern type, and sold by Southern publishing houses."²⁷ Despite this assurance the paper was grayer and poorer, month by month, the publications thinner, the print dimmer and the punctuation of the gun-fire louder and nearer.

CHAPTER II

WRITING IN THE ASHES

SHERMAN marched to the sea; the forts of Mobile fell one by one after a defence worthy of Troy; and, on Palm Sunday, 1865, when the first touch of green was coming to the forests of Midland Virginia, Lee surrendered. It is impossible fully to realize now what the death of the Confederacy meant to the South. For four years the two had been synonymous. A common cause never had unified the South completely, even when it was the Confederacy; but the blows delivered on the anvil of war from Sabine Pass to Harpers Ferry had brought the Southern States nearer a welding than ever they had been. Then, suddenly, the South found itself eleven conquered States—each one of which felt itself in a strange manner the guardian of a disembodied Confederacy and the defender of its history. Neither the Poland for which Sienkiewicz wrote nor the Czecho-Slovakia of our own time affords more than a crude analogy. Even while the ashes still smoldered, Southerners began to write in them “vindications of Southern rights,” memorials of the fallen,

personal narratives and military and political apologiæ.

Some of the first works on the constitutional basis of secession were written during the five years when the proudest of American individualists were under military rule. Many of their own newspapers fell into the hands of those who usually are grouped together as "carpet-baggers and scallywags." From the lips of bitter radicals in Congress, all Confederates received like denunciation as "rebels." They were disfranchised. None of them had larger security than was represented by military paroles, and some had not even that. Their former servants were their political masters and were incited against them. Around them were all the evidences of what war costs in widows' tears and orphans' woe, in death and in poverty. Leaders in every State felt that where the war had taken so hideous a toll, they should prove to posterity that the struggle was one for constitutional right. So, from many pens, there began to flow defences of the South.

The longest of these is Alexander H. Stephens' *Constitutional View of the Late War between the States* issued in two volumes in 1867.²⁸ This surely is one of the most unusual books ever written in the United States by a man of high intelligence. Vice

President Stephens had a feeble, deformed figure, and was more boy than man in appearance, but he was blessed with a keen mind and impressive eloquence. After the war he received at his Georgia home, Liberty Hall, a number of old-time Northern friends. With them he argued for days on the constitutional issues of the struggle, and ere long he decided that he would present the Southern case in dialogue. He introduced three fictitious individuals to debate with him—Judge Bynum from Massachusetts, who represented the radical Republican viewpoint, Professor Norton, of Connecticut, who spoke for conservative Republicans, and Major Heister, a Pennsylvanian and a Northern War Democrat. With these personages, Mr. Stephens discoursed on the constitution for some 1200 printed pages. In this day the reading not less than the method of presentation has its associations with Job, but every argument on every phase of the right of secession is set forth.

In sharpest contrast to Mr. Stephens' *maximum opus* stands that brief classic of American political argument—*Is Davis a Traitor?*²⁹ This little book, written at white heat and published in 1866, is probably the most dazzling product of the near-genius of Alfred T. Bledsoe, Kentucky born, a graduate of West Point,

lawyer in Illinois, professor of French and later of Mathematics in the University of Mississippi and the University of Virginia. War Clerk Jones, who presently will appear, gives an unhappy picture of Doctor Bledsoe while assistant Secretary of War, as a groaning mountain of flesh much averse to the routine work he had to do; but when one reads Bledsoe's argument on secession or follows him through the pages of the *Southern Review*, one gets an entirely different picture. Doctor Bledsoe was counsel for the defence, to be sure, but he was a great advocate and a most discerning analyst. If any Americans are either curious or dubious concerning the issues raised in 1861, Bledsoe is the supreme Southern authority.

Following Bledsoe and Stephens, so many Southerners devoted themselves to the presentation of the constitutional argument that a convinced audience quickly grew tired. Even the Reverend J. William Jones—a man who never heard any story of the Confederacy otherwise than with reverence—had to admit at a later time in the *Southern Historical Society Papers* that he could not attempt to publish all the Confederate memorial addresses. His reason doubtless was that these speeches usually were a mere restatement of the argument on the right of secession.

Two later incidents may serve to illustrate how far the South went. Twenty years ago a young Southerner was asked to go into the Northern Neck of Virginia as one of two speakers at a Confederate reunion. His senior and principal was a State official born early enough to have some memory of the war. As they made their way on a little yacht to the place of meeting, the younger man made bold to ask the orator of the evening what his subject would be, in order that duplication might be avoided. The elderly politician spread himself in the amplitude of his deck-chair and answered: "Well, I shall relate briefly the outstanding events of the period during which the constitution of the United States was drafted; then I shall trace the pernicious development and expose the fallacy of John Marshall's theory of nationalism, and I shall vindicate beyond all cavil the right of secession; from that I shall pass to the events of the war and shall pay tribute to General Lee, to General Jackson and to the private soldier; and I shall conclude, of course, with a tribute to Southern womanhood." He essayed all for which he contracted, though nodding heads were not lifted at the last to his lofty flight in praise of Southern women—as if they needed praise.

The other instance concerned a Southern staff-

officer who wrote one most useful book in the eighteen-seventies and, after almost thirty years, decided to write a second. He prefaced a valuable historical narrative with a long discourse on secession and sent the whole to a Northern publishing house. The editor-in-chief praised the manuscript but said that, in his opinion, the case for secession had been stated so often that the book would lose its effectiveness if preceded by a detailed argument on that subject. After some exchanges, the author had to choose between the excision of the essay on secession and the rejection of the manuscript by a firm that would have printed it expansively and would have circulated it widely. The old Confederate did not hesitate. He demanded the return of the manuscript and issued his book through a local printing house—with every word of the paper on secession in proper place. That was wholly characteristic of the mind of the Southern survivors of the war. Always their cry was, “Hear me for my cause. . . .”

Next to the men who wrote in the ashes the vindication of the South were those authors who memorialized the dead. These writers had begun their labors ere the battles ended. Their children have continued it. Every year witnesses the publication of volumes

that are primarily memorials to Confederates who may have been dead this half century. Some of these books represent little more than ancestor-worship and have scant historical value. Others include letters of war-date or early reminiscences that occasionally illuminate some of the many dark passages of Confederate history. Several memoirs of known importance still are in manuscript.

Perhaps the most distinguished of the memorialists was Robert Lewis Dabney. This able, conservative divine was forty years of age and was teaching in the Union Theological Seminary of the Presbyterian church in Virginia when, in 1860, he was asked informally if he would accept the pastorate of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York City. The same year he was offered a professorship at Princeton. He declined both proposals because he felt the South needed him.³⁰ By the spring of 1862, he was a major on the staff of "Stonewall" Jackson and was following the bloody course of the Army of the Valley from Front Royal to Winchester and back again to Cross Keys and to Port Republic. In Jackson he found his idol, and to the service of that amazing man he devoted his whole heart.

After Jackson was killed, Major Dabney was

asked by the general's widow to prepare a *Life* of the fallen leader. Doctor Dabney proceeded to write more than a biography. It shaped itself as a memorial, a succession of moral lessons, a review of the Southern cause and an *exposé* of the misdeeds of the North. This labor Dabney was completing when the Confederacy perished. An English edition was issued in 1865, but this was revised slightly for American publication and was not in final form until April 1, 1866. Mrs. Jackson was most anxious that General Lee read the biography before it appeared in this country and, on a visit to Lexington, she brought the manuscript with her. General Lee read it, as he said, for the delight of the narrative—it was one of the few books on the war that ever he read—and to his embarrassment he found several instances where Major Dabney manifestly had asserted more for Jackson in respect to the strategy of the Army than the records justified or “Old Jack” ever would have dreamed of crediting to himself.

Lee had the difficult task of telling this to Mrs. Jackson and, in so doing, he pursued the familiar masculine method of obscuring what he did not think it tactful to say in plain terms. One point, among several, involved a sharp difference of opinion con-

cerning the unhappy affair at Falling Waters, Sept. 19, 1862, when Gen. W. N. Pendleton, chief of artillery, rode to Army headquarters at midnight and reported that he feared all the reserve artillery of the Army had been captured. Jackson went back to the Potomac the next morning, quickly drove the enemy into the river and secured the position with slight loss of men or equipment. Gen. D. H. Hill, who worshipped Jackson almost as profoundly as did Dabney, was satisfied that the manuscript was correct in its account of the episode and in its emphasis on the importance of the service Jackson rendered. General Lee, who had Doctor Pendleton as his rector and as one of his chaplains at Washington College, felt that the artillerist's blunder had been exaggerated.

What was Doctor Dabney to do? He would not accept Lee's account as accurate; but neither he nor Mrs. Jackson would have thought for a moment of writing what the General disapproved. The conclusion was to pursue a strange course: Doctor Dabney struck out his own version of the incident and substituted that of General Lee without a word of explanation concerning the authorship, and in order that he might not assume responsibility for the general's statement, he put it in quotation marks. There it stands

today on pages 577-78 of Dabney's *Life and Campaigns of Lieut. Gen. Thomas J. Jackson*.³¹

This, of course, throws light on Dabney's own convinced opinion as well as on the esteem in which General Lee was held; but it was no more than an incident in its relation to a book which is remarkable despite the pitfalls that Doctor Dabney set for himself by his inclusive and moralizing treatment. His bitterness offends; his constant assumption that the Almighty was a Southern partisan shocks the present-day reader. The essential accuracy of his book, written in a time of misery and confusion, is a tribute to his memory, his diligence and his mental capacity. Seldom is it studied nowadays, because it has been superseded by Henderson's dazzling *Stonewall Jackson*, but the fact is Henderson leaned so heavily on Dabney as to accept even his mistakes. As further evidence of the vigor of the mind of Dabney, it may be noted that if he had not been cited here as the first distinguished Confederate biographer, he would have deserved a place among those who expounded the principle of States' rights. His *Defence of Virginia and the South* is a powerful paper.

While Dabney's memorial to Jackson was in the press, General Lee was planning a memorial to his

soldiers. In a letter of July 31, 1865, to most of his general officers, he said: "I am desirous that the bravery and devotion of the Army of Northern Virginia be correctly transmitted to posterity. This is the only tribute that can now be paid to the worth of its noble officers and soldiers." To one of his comrades he was more specific: "I shall write this history," he said, "not to vindicate myself, or to promote my own reputation. I want that the world shall know what my poor boys, with their small numbers and scant resources, succeeded in accomplishing."³² In the autumn of 1866, to fiery old Jubal Early, who was preparing his own narrative of operations, Lee wrote: "I would recommend . . . that, while giving facts which you think necessary for your own vindication, you omit all epithets or remarks calculated to excite bitterness or animosity between different sections of the country."³³ What Lee desired, most of all, were official reports, returns of the Army, and similar documents that had been lost or destroyed when his records had been burned by panicky teamsters on the retreat from Petersburg.

It developed that his own letter books, which contained all except his most confidential communications to the President, had escaped the flames. General

Longstreet's papers for the last months of the war were placed at his disposal. Several other officers sent in duplicates of their reports. The most valuable of these, from the standpoint of the historical investigator, were those of Gen. Cadmus M. Wilcox, to whose thoughtfulness we owe one of the few adequate reports on the siege of Petersburg. These documents General Lee supplemented with many newspaper clippings, but he must have discovered early that adequate materials for the last year of the war could not be assembled until access could be had to the Confederate archives, which had been captured and carried to Washington. Permission to use those records was denied at the time to Confederate historians. Amid his many labors at Washington College, General Lee found scant leisure to pursue the collection of papers from other sources, and, apparently, he never wrote any part of his intended narrative. He may have decided that passion still deafened the ears of the nation; he may have realized that truth could not be told without damaging the reputation of men he respected. In his fine sensitiveness of soul, he may have been deterred by the tactless suggestion that the book would be very profitable. Nothing could have been more repulsive to him than the thought of gain-

ing in purse by relating the tragedy that had been enacted in the blood of the South's best.

Perhaps it is well that General Lee did not write his memorial of his Army. His letters show him not without skill in that type of composition. The revision he gave his military reports, which Col. Charles Marshall compiled, always added to their clarity. For sustained historical narrative, Lee had no aptitude. His introduction to his edition of his father's Revolutionary memoirs demonstrates that. More fundamentally, his character was such that he never could have brought himself to place blame where it was due. Any detailed military work from his pen would have been written in the reserved spirit of his letter to Mrs. Jackson, *à propos* of Dabney's mistakes, and would have raised more questions than it settled.³⁴

Very different from anything that Lee might have written about his Army was the first conspicuous personal narrative, which, ironically enough, was not the work of a combatant but of a clerk. John Beauchamp Jones was a Baltimorean, born in 1810, who spent some of his boyhood in Kentucky and Missouri and came back to his native city in time for Poe to commend him as one who was editing the *Saturday Visitor* "with much judgment and general ability."³⁵

Jones married Frances Custis, from the Eastern Shore of Virginia and doubtless a member of the same fine stock as the first husband of Mrs. George Washington. Because magazine editing was not a profitable occupation, Jones supplemented it by much writing on his own account. The list of his novels is formidable, but only his *Wild Western Scenes* attracted a large audience. This sold to 100,000 copies prior to the war and had the added distinction of a Confederate edition.

From Baltimore, Jones went to the vicinity of Philadelphia, where, from 1857 to the outbreak of the war, he edited the weekly *Southern Monitor*. He started South on April 9, 1861, journeyed to Richmond, went on to Montgomery, and came back to Richmond when the capital was moved. He had begun a diary the day before he left home. On April 29, he made this entry: "At fifty-one I can hardly follow the pursuit of arms; but I will write and preserve a diary of the revolution . . . To make my diary full and complete as possible, is now my business."³⁶ It did not remain his exclusive business, but the diary was given authority of a sort by Jones's access to confidential records after he was made a clerk in the War Department. Through months dark

or hopeful, he wrote almost daily, long entries or short, until April 19, 1865. On that date his diary ends abruptly. Apparently he went back to the Eastern Shore and subsequently returned to Philadelphia to negotiate for the publication of his *Rebel War Clerk's Diary*.³⁷ It was in press when, on Feb. 4, 1866, Jones breathed his last.

Gamaliel Bradford overshot the mark when he spoke of Jones as the Confederate Pepys.³⁸ Little that was Pepysian appears in Jones's diary except for his insatiable curiosity; but much that was no less illuminating than the gossip of the Secretary of the Admiralty was recorded by the War Department Clerk. Full of absurd prejudices—even extending them to so great a man as Gen. Josiah Gorgas—Jones had a singularly large number of military incompetents among his favorites. The special, the well-nigh unique value of his diary is that it holds up a mirror to the hopes and fears of the city in which he labored. Whether Jones had this in mind when he began, it is impossible to say. Neither may one be sure that he realized the certain fame that would come to a man who set down what generals never saw and newspapers thought unworthy of report. In any event, he did this service while McClellan threatened and Grant

thundered outside Richmond, and he has his reward. If not in the text, at least in the footnotes, he is more often quoted by historians than any contemporary writer on the Confederacy. He is a model for the emulation of any author who may not hope to write formal history. Reputation and the gratitude of posterity await any observant person in a center of population who will register accurately the daily comments of a few persons daily on the trend of events. The diary of such a citizen of Rome would be prized above the lost books of Livy.

Jones serves the historian, also, on two other matters concerning which information is scant—prices and weather. He studied prices with the most intensive care, because he scarcely earned enough to keep his family alive and he tried always to be forehanded in maintaining a small reserve of provisions. From his pathetic accounts of his triumphant purchase of a peck of peas and his tragic relation of the failure of a scheme of co-operative buying in North Carolina, one has a glimpse of what the war meant in hunger and anxiety. A student of domestic science could reconstruct a surprising story of family economy from Jones's pages. It might not be *Orchids on Your Budget*, but it would demonstrate that thrift in the

sixties was an art advanced beyond anything the domestic guides of our day have had the temerity to pronounce attainable. As for the weather, Jones frequently recorded rains or hot waves when the historians of campaigns never mention them.

Aside from his discountable bias and the display of occasional credulity, Jones had only one serious fault as a chronicler of life in the Confederate capital: he could not resist the temptation of posing as a prophet—after the event. A reader scarcely can blame the poor war clerk for desiring to say “I told you so,” but occasionally one is provoked to discover that Jones wrote into his diary facts he could not possibly have known at the time he professes to have recorded them. In short, one has to deal with a glossed text; and, if it were worth while, one probably could identify most of the glosses and restore the original.

On this score it may be interesting to note that while there are occasional glosses in other documents and some instances of the suppression of records, Confederate historical literature is relatively free of deliberate frauds. Doctor Charles A. Graves years ago proved forgery of the letter in which General Lee is made to tell his son Custis that “duty is the sublimest word in the English language.”³⁹ The language is al-

most a direct steal from Kant, but the clumsy and obvious forgery may have been executed solely for his own amusement by some idle young officer who came across Lee letters in the loot of Arlington. Of course one finds endless instances where the imagination has soared with time and distance. In the case of only one writer is there reasonable suspicion of extensive forgery.

While Jones's diary was having its first reading—and not a friendly reading by Southern politicians—a number of men in different parts of the country were seeking to establish magazines that would be a depository of historical as well as of general literature. The aim seemed reasonable, but, unfortunately, all plans overlooked the poverty of the people. Gen. D. H. Hill made one of the bravest struggles with his monthly entitled *The Land We Love*, which was published in Charlotte. The first issue bears date of May, 1866, and the last issue was for March, 1869. It is, perhaps, more important for General Hill's views on education than for the historical articles it published; but first and last it included much on Jackson from Hill's pen, and a series of articles, all too brief, by Wade Hampton. Its miscellaneous historical anecdotes were diverting if unimportant.

More remarkable in every way was the *Southern Review*, a quarterly which Doctor Bledsoe began soon after he completed *Is Davis a Traitor?* General Lee had said after the war to Bledsoe, "Doctor, you must take care of yourself; you have a great work to do; we all look to you for our vindication." Bledsoe took this perhaps more seriously than it was meant, and to his magazine he devoted immense effort. Doctor Edwin Mims states that in the average issue Doctor Bledsoe had from three to five articles, and that for one number he wrote all but one article, or a quarterly of about 250 pages.⁴⁰ They were not superficial articles, either. Bledsoe put into nearly all of them the rich resources of his powerful mind. His was the voice of conservatism but never was it apologetic. Like a valiant rearguard his face always was to the foe. After he died in 1877, his *Review* expired within two years, but it had become a distinct monument to his peculiar abilities. Much of it is deadly memorial now; but occasionally, when one turns to a subject of special sacredness to Bledsoe, one feels precisely as if one were walking in the Round Church of the Templars, and a knight suddenly rose from the floor and brandished his blade.

Like Bledsoe, John Esten Cooke wrote in the ashes

but not with slowly diminishing heat. He did not write for bread alone. In his devotion to Stuart and to the cavalry corps he determined that the Beau Sabreur of the Confederacy should not lack his literary monument and, in 1867, he published *Wearing of the Gray*.⁴¹ This was a series of personal sketches of the most renowned cavalymen of the Army of Northern Virginia. Judged photographically, some of the pictures were out of focus, but Cooke "caught" Stuart precisely as a fortunate artist now and again gets a sitter in characteristic and revelatory pose. Nothing that has been written since Cooke's day has changed a line in the laughing face of Stuart.

Cooke gave in this book an interesting example of the manner in which myths develop quickly through the uncritical acceptance of stories which recount feats on the border line of the attainable. Perhaps the three Southern generals concerning whom the most extreme stories were told during their fighting years were "Stonewall" Jackson, Bedford Forrest, and Turner Ashby. The last-named of these three, a romantic, fearless figure, with a long beard and complexion almost as dark as a Moor's, commanded Jackson's cavalry through the winter of 1861-62 and during the following spring. Ashby was not accounted a

good army administrator and he insisted upon maintaining the independence of his command; but in every retreat and in all the advances of the Army of the Valley, he was closest to the enemy. His troopers regarded him as invincible, much as their companions of the "foot cavalry" thought Jackson invulnerable. In the bivouacs, a tale that credited Ashby with some superhuman feat had only to be told to be believed. After a few months there was no appeal to the modest Ashby for the verification or denial of any of his alleged exploits, because he was killed in action near Harrisonburg, June 6, 1862. Cooke must have heard from some of Ashby's troopers many a tale of the fallen officer's prowess and, in his *Wearing of the Gray*, he wrote down this one:

Jackson slowly retired from Winchester [in March, 1862], the cavalry under Ashby bringing up the rear, with the enemy closely pressing them. The long column defiled through the town, and Ashby remained the last, sitting his horse in the middle of Loudoun street as the Federal forces poured in. The solitary horseman, gazing at them with so much nonchalance, was plainly seen by the Federal officers, and two mounted men were detached to make a circuit by

the back streets, and cut off his retreat. Ashby either did not see this maneuver, or paid no attention to it. He waited until the Federal column was nearly upon him, and had poured a hot fire; then he turned his horse, waved his hat above his head, and uttering a cheer of defiance, galloped off. All at once, as he galloped down the street, he saw before him the two cavalrymen sent to cut off and capture him. To a man like Ashby, inwardly chafing at being compelled to retreat, no sight could be more agreeable. Here was an opportunity to vent his spleen; and charging the two mounted men he was soon upon them. One fell with a bullet through his breast; and, coming opposite the other, Ashby seized him by the throat, dragged him from the saddle, and putting spurs to his horse, bore him off. This scene, which some readers may set down for romance, was witnessed by hundreds both of the Confederate and Federal army.⁴²

To reaffirm his faith in this story, the devoted Cooke made it the subject of one of the woodcuts of his book. Ashby is seen in the act of gripping the second Federal trooper by the throat at the instant a Union column, in most orderly array, is two doors down the street.

Actually, as recorded by Ashby's chaplain, Rev-

erend J. B. Avirett, in a book⁴³ which appeared the same year as Cooke's, here is what happened:

Fighting and falling back slowly, Ashby retarded the advance of the enemy until Jackson effected the evacuation of Winchester, which was completed on the night of the 11th of March. On the morning of the 12th, as the enemy continued to advance, the Confederate infantry retired by the turnpike leading up the Valley to Staunton. Skirmishing almost to the limits of the town, Ashby, as quiet as if on dress parade, followed his men down the street, and though followed closely by the enemy, coolly stopped to take a biscuit offered him by a noble-hearted lady.⁴⁴

Perhaps the difference between history and myth could not be better illustrated than by the difference between a momentary pause for a biscuit and the bloody affray that Cooke had been assured hundreds of men in two armies had seen.

President Davis was not a man about whom myths gather, though Pollard and others accused him during the war of every political crime short of treason. The end of hostilities found Mr. Davis probably the most unpopular man in the wrecked Confederacy,

but after he was taken to Fort Monroe, Virginia, and was put in irons, the entire South was outraged. He seemed to the Southern soldiers to be suffering vicariously for them. Forgotten speedily were all the old resentments and complaints. A prisoner, he had larger affection than he had enjoyed at any time after the winter of 1861-62.

He had this additional good fortune. The chief surgeon at Fort Monroe, and medical director of the X Army corps, was Doctor John Joseph Craven. This interesting man, born in utter poverty at Newark, N. J., in 1822, had schooled himself while working in a chemical establishment. When the magnetic telegraph was invented, Craven quit the factory and joined the crew that was constructing the first line from New York to Philadelphia. He made some of the pioneer discoveries in electrical insulation but failed to procure a patent. Turning to new adventures, he joined a party of Forty-Niners and went to California, where he had no better fortune. On his return to Newark he devoted himself to medicine and, on the outbreak of hostilities, became surgeon of a New Jersey regiment. He must have had exceptional administrative capacity, for he soon was made medical director of the Department of the

South and in 1864 received like appointment for a corps.

It was by the sheerest chance that this physician, simple, able, understanding and with a native antagonism to cruelty, should have been summoned to advise on the treatment of President Davis. To him Mr. Davis owed the lessened rigor of treatment and to him, no less, the South owed its first dispassionate picture of the imprisonment. Doctor Craven was mustered out of service January 27, 1866, and thereafter was free to write as he pleased. His *Prison Life of Jefferson Davis* appeared that year.⁴⁵ Based on a diary Doctor Craven kept while at Fort Monroe and supplemented with reports of many conversations, it was an honest book. Had Doctor Craven been a Confederate himself, instead of an avowed Republican enemy of slavery, he could not have been more candid, nor could he have presented more clearly the courage, the character and the high intelligence of President Davis. He wrote while Mr. Davis still was a prisoner, but in the last paragraphs of his little volume he asked a question that may have had some influence on public opinion. These were his final words: "For the crime of treason, not one of these—not the humblest official under the late rebellion—was one

whit more or less guilty than the man whom they elected their titular President; and if any other crimes can be alleged against him, in the name of justice, and for the honor of our whole country, both now and in the hereafter, are not his friends and suffering family entitled to demand that he may have an early and impartial trial as provided by the laws of our country?"⁴⁶ It is pleasant to record that this fine-spirited man continued a life of generous usefulness to his death past three score and ten. No less is it pleasant to note that in the summer of 1939 the United Daughters of the Confederacy unveiled a tablet in his honor at Fort Monroe.

Mr. Davis found another early defender in Frank H. Alfriend, last editor of the famous *Southern Literary Messenger*.⁴⁷ In 1868 Alfriend answered through his *Life of Jefferson Davis* the allegations of Pollard.⁴⁸ It has to be admitted that Alfriend was as partial to Mr. Davis as Pollard was hostile, and that he started as many fires of controversy as he extinguished. For twenty years, Alfriend's early attempt to portray the life of the Confederate President, marked as it inevitably was by errors and omissions, was considered by the critics of Mr. Davis as virtually his own *apologia*,⁴⁹ though in actual fact the book ap-

parently was written without the President's authorization. Only one letter from Mr. Alfriend to Mr. Davis appears in Rowland's collection⁵⁰ and that bears a date long after a mournful event had changed the spirit of Confederate historical writing.

CHAPTER III

THE PASSING OF THE GREAT CAPTAIN

THE DEATH of Gen. R. E. Lee, October 12, 1870, brought to the South such grief as had not been witnessed since Appomattox, but the passing of the great captain ended the writing in the ashes. He had himself turned his face to the future in the training of youth. The worst of reconstruction ended in the year he died. Thaddeus Stevens, the South's most remorseless enemy, whose every speech had inflamed animosity, was in his grave.

Tributes paid to Lee, in the press of two continents and in a score of memorial meetings, had a remarkable effect. It was one thing to remember the simple words he had spoken to a weary or wounded soldier; it was another to have even his former enemies praise him as a Christian and as an exemplar of reconciliation. Those who had fought in his thin ranks against ever-mounting odds might believe him a great soldier; their pride swelled as his old adversaries acclaimed his

generalship. Laid out on his bier, he seemed even taller than he had appeared that triumphant noon when his hoarse, begrimed troops cheered him in front of the flaming Chancellor House. Almost in the hour of entombment there developed a new sentiment which was to explain his unique place in the heart of his men. Poverty was to be theirs, ugly and unrelieved. Slow was to be their progress in reclaiming the fields which the broom sedge and scrub pine had captured. Little of grace and of beauty was to find its place in their lives. One distinction they were sure they had: Their stock had produced Lee; they had seen him, had known him, had obeyed his orders and, at his behest had challenged Cemetery Ridge and had starved in the Petersburg trenches. Association with him was the glory of their generation. They would cherish it, exalt it, make it sacred! In the world's homage to him was tribute to the humblest soldier who had helped to win his battles. That was why they hung on cabin walls his picture; that was why they recounted the most casual exchange of greetings with him as the shining event of their careers; and that is why, even now, the mention of his name brings light to the world-weary eyes of the few survivors of his army.

The death of Lee gave, in addition, new stimulus to the writing of his biography. Sketches of him had, of course, appeared without number during the war. An anonymous volume on *Southern Generals*⁵¹ issued early in 1865 and carrying events to the close of 1864, included a brief biography of Lee—some 150 pages—that printed his middle name incorrectly on all the running folios.⁵² Two years later the exhaustless E. A. Pollard published a similar book under the title, *Lee and His Lieutenants*. Apparently the first biography devoted exclusively to Lee was that of James D. McCabe, Jr., published in 1866,⁵³ a work naturally inaccurate, but, considering the difficulties under which the author labored, altogether creditable. The approach, while one of admiration, was surprisingly detached.

Devoted lieutenants and impecunious gentlemen on the fringe of letters felt, after Lee had passed, that they should do him honor of print. Perhaps it was true then, as it was thirty years afterward, that every Southern writer was credited with a secret ambition to write a life of Lee, primarily for the satisfaction of living, as it were, with the First Gentleman of his generation. Pollard reissued his book,⁵⁴ with a single brief chapter on the years after Appomattox; John

Esten Cooke dashed off a readable new *Life*, misplaced in emphasis and in some chapters almost uninformed, but occasionally useful even now for incidents that Cooke had witnessed;⁵⁵ Miss Emily V. Mason, a friend of the family, wrote a *Popular Life*⁵⁶ for which Mrs. Lee probably supplied some domestic details.

The most important of the early biographies had its origin in the desire of the Trustees and Faculty of Washington College to prepare a "Lee Memorial Volume" for which various Southern leaders were to write articles. Among others who offered to assist in preparing the book was John William Jones. He had been born in Louisa County, Virginia, in 1836, and had studied at the University of Virginia and at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. His goal had been missionary labor in China, but his departure had been delayed by the uncertainties of the political situation. When hostilities opened, he volunteered promptly in the Thirteenth Virginia Infantry, with which famous command he served for a year as a private.

His courage and his deep religious zeal won for him the sobriquet of "the Fighting Parson" and, in 1862, brought him appointment as chaplain of his

regiment. He had a conspicuous part in the "great revival" which swept the Army of Northern Virginia during the winter of 1862-63. The next year he became missionary chaplain for A. P. Hill's Third Corps and in that capacity labored to the end of the war. He then received the call that changed the whole course of his life—a call to the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Lexington, Virginia. General Lee already was in that lovely old town as President of Washington College and, in his own profound concern for the spiritual well-being of the students, he assigned each of the ministers of Lexington churches to regular terms of service as chaplain to the college. At thirty years of age, J. William Jones, as he usually signed himself, was thus brought into close relationship with the general whom, during the war, he had seen only afar off or on those occasions when the chaplains called at headquarters.

The cumulative effect on Jones was overwhelming. He acquired for General Lee admiration that was not unmingled with a certain awe, and, from his deep interest in the Confederacy, he talked often with the general of the war. Lee was reserved not only because he did not wish to dwell on the great tragedy of the nation but also because he felt that discussion of the

struggle would keep alive animosities that should be buried in the fast-weathering trenches. Although Jones, for these reasons, learned few military secrets from Lee, he came to understand the man, especially the spiritual side of the man, most thoroughly.

When the trustees of Washington and Lee University failed in their effort to produce a worthy memorial volume, they gave Jones the materials that had been collected. Mrs. Lee, in addition, permitted him to examine the pre-war letters of her husband that then were in her keeping, and she probably explained to him many things that were not known to the public of the family life of the Lees. Supplementing all this by much diligent inquiry on his own account, Jones in 1874 published his *Personal Reminiscences of General Robert E. Lee*.⁵⁷ The treatment of Lee in the greater part of the book was topical, and errors were numerous; but the work was crowded with anecdote, was rich in letters and, all in all, was a full picture of Lee in virtually everything but his strategics and his army administration. It sometimes has been said that Doctor Jones did not have an exact historical mind and that he was not at his best in exact narration. While there may be a small measure of truth in this, his book for the first time distinguished the man from

the soldier. His was a personal biography. The others had been military. If Americans today have a true and appreciative conception of Lee, more credit for the fact belongs to Doctor Jones than to any other writer.

To pass over some feeble biographical studies that followed Jones, the next important book was that of Col. Walter H. Taylor, Lee's assistant adjutant general. Taylor had been in general charge of the monthly returns of the Army and knew perhaps more than did any other man of the effective strength of Lee's forces from June 1, 1862, onward. General Lee himself had recourse to Taylor, on the few occasions after the war when he wished to verify statistics, and he had relied upon Taylor to supply material that was to have been used in Lee's memorial to his soldiers. After the general's death, Taylor put together his estimates, procured documents from the United States War Department and prepared the first reliable figures on the ceaselessly debated question of "comparative strength." These important tables he linked together with his reminiscences of Lee and with extracts from letters he had written home during the war. *Four Years with General Lee* was a small book,⁵⁸ but it remained for many years a standard authority. Many incidents that have become a part

of every life of Lee appeared for the first time in Taylor.

Because of his close relations with General Lee, Colonel Taylor became in time an unofficial court of appeals on controversies that related to the Army of Northern Virginia. His post-bellum correspondence, much of which has been preserved by his family, is of definite historical value. His conclusions seldom are subject to dispute, because he possessed a memory that was both tenacious and accurate. Two examples will show why his word usually was final with Confederates. In 1915, *The Richmond News Leader* undertook to prepare a special edition to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the city's emergence from the ashes of ruin. It became of some interest to trace the history of the instructions General Lee sent from Petersburg on the morning of April 2 for the evacuation of the Confederate capital. Colonel Taylor was asked if he remembered that order among the many he had sent that fateful Sabbath. He was then seventy-seven and, needless to say, as an active bank president, had crowded his mind with many things during the five decades that had followed the end of the war. He replied promptly that he did not know whether there was such a thing as an "original." That fateful morn-

ing, he explained, he had sat by the side of the telegraph operator at the McIlwaine House and had dictated much for direct transmission. It was probable, he said, that so important an order as that for the evacuation of the capital had been written out. If it had been, a shortage of stationery had compelled him to use bits of paper no larger than the palm of his hand. With that statement the editors of the special edition had to be content. Subsequently, when General Lee's military papers were examined in detail, the evacuation order came to light—in precisely the form Colonel Taylor had described. He was asked on another occasion to give his recollection of General Lee's response to inquiries from President Davis concerning the proposed removal of Joseph E. Johnston from command of the Army of Tennessee. Colonel Taylor answered that Lee had written both a telegram and a letter in reply to the President. He outlined the contents of both. When ultimately found, the telegram was almost literally as Colonel Taylor had phrased it from memory, after half a century. The letter was almost as correctly paraphrased.

Another of Lee's staff-officers undertook in tragic circumstances to write a biography of his old commander. Armistead L. Long, born in Campbell

County, Virginia, in 1825, and graduated at West Point in the class of 1850, married in 1860 the daughter of Col. E. V. Sumner and had, of course, every assurance of early opportunity in the Union Army; but he resigned in June, 1861, and in the following winter received appointment to the staff of General Lee. When Lee was brought back to Richmond from South Carolina as virtual Chief of Staff, Long became his "Military Secretary." He was admirably equipped for that duty, but as he was one of the best-trained artillerists in the Army, Lee had increasingly to rely on him for special duty in posting batteries. In time, Long became Chief of Artillery of the Second Corps with the rank of brigadier general. After the war he took up civil engineering, only to lose his vision within five years. Fortunately and generously, President Grant named Mrs. Long Postmistress of Charlottesville, which assured the family a living. While a prisoner to darkness, General Long's circumstances and his devotion to his old commander prompted him to prepare his *Memoirs of Robert E. Lee*.⁵⁹ As he wrote on a slate for the blind in a script that only the members of his family could read, his progress was slow; but he had from the War Records office a measure of assistance no previous biographer had received and,

despite his handicap, he stated with precision some matters that previously had been in doubt. After his manuscript was completed, the publishers decided that it was too military in tone and lacked the intimate details that had made Jones's book successful. In a re-editing by another hand, some things that had appeared in Jones's *Personal Reminiscences* were incorporated without proper credit to the earlier writer, but the fault was not Long's.⁶⁰

Although Long's *Memoirs* were not so revelatory a work as Southerners had hoped it would be, it rounded out the more personal narrative of Jones and remained the most adequate of the biographies until the settlement of the major controversies and the publication of the *Official Records* prepared the way for the delightful book of Lee's own son. By 1890, when the Lee monument was unveiled in Richmond, the South could say that the figure of the great captain stood out as clearly in his biographies as against the sky in the western suburbs of the old Confederate capital.

CHAPTER IV

CONTROVERSY AND APOLOGIA

WHILE the South was writing of Lee, with scarcely a critical voice to disturb a reverent awe, some generals who had been adjudged failures were publishing their *apologiae*, and some who had been engaged in the savage controversies of the war were reviving with bitterness the issues that had divided armies and had alienated friends.

Vocal and conspicuous among the defenders of his military record was Lt. Gen. Jubal A. Early. After his long and hopeless fight against the far larger army of General Sheridan in the Valley of Virginia, General Early retreated in the late autumn of 1864 with a handful of troops to Waynesboro, near the tunnel through which passed the Virginia Central Railroad. When at length he was routed there, General Early was relieved of his command by General Lee, who wrote the defeated and unjustly discredited Early a most considerate letter. The *débâcle* already was at

hand. Disguised as a farmer, Early made his way southward toward the Trans-Mississippi Department, where he hoped Gen. Kirby Smith would continue the war. After Smith wisely surrendered instead of carrying on a futile contest, General Early entered Mexico and later took steamer to Canada. There, *exul immeritus*, he wrote his *Memoir of the Last Year of the War for Independence in the Confederate States of America*.

At the time he purposed never to return to the United States. He planned, instead, to organize a colony and to settle in New Zealand, about as far as he could get from the Federals; but he was determined that ere he said farewell, the truth, as he saw it, should be told. His memoir of 130 pages, issued in 1866 and republished in Virginia in 1867, was the first connected narrative by any prominent Confederate general. Its appearance was marked by a singular incident that gave the little book unexpected publicity. A copy of General Lee's letter to General Early, relieving him of command, had been published during the winter of 1865-66 by the *Lynchburg Virginian*. In due season, a polite note reached the editor from the commander of the post. The Adjutant General's office, he explained, had noticed the publication of the document,

which it considered to be the property of the United States Government. Would the editor deliver the letter therefore to his very respectfully . . .? As it happened, the *Virginian* had used a copy of the letter and did not possess the original. In Canada, General Early read and raged and then wrote: "This demand for General Lee's private letter to me, and the attempt to enforce it by military power, show how wide has been the departure from the original principles of the United States Government, and to what petty and contemptible measures that Government, as at present administered, resorts in domineering over a disarmed and helpless people. I have the pleasure of informing the Hon. Secretary of War, and the keeper of the 'Archive Office,' that the original letter is in my possession, beyond the reach of provost marshals and agents of the Freedmen's Bureau, or even Holt with his Bureau of Military Justice and suborners of perjury."⁶¹

General Early's defiance of the Federals was applauded, but his little book was not well received. He had made no effort to ingratiate himself when he had been in authority. In the days of his defeat he had little sympathy—less perhaps than would have been shown him had not Dabney's narrative of Jackson's

dazzling Valley campaign of 1862 appeared almost simultaneously with Early's *Memoir*.

Early simply reviewed the last year of the war and explained his Valley campaign. The next prominent Confederate to write of his campaigns, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, had, in the nature of his case, to assail others in defending himself. His *Narrative of Military Operations*, published in 1874,⁶² was written vigorously and unsparingly and, of course, was read with high interest; but it cannot be said to have increased his reputation as a soldier. His grievance against President Davis, whom he accused of overslaughting him, was too manifest for objective or even for effective presentation of his defence. Johnston's able nephew, Robert M. Hughes, in a later biography of the general,⁶³ did far better for him than he did for himself.

One reason, perhaps, for Johnston's failure to receive full justice at the hands of historians was his occasional carelessness in wartime concerning his military papers. Sometimes, it would appear, he neglected to make copies of important dispatches which, in haste, he personally wrote his subordinates. Letters that recently have been found, for example, show that in the critical days of May, 1862, when "Stonewall" Jackson was facing Banks in the Shenandoah Valley,

Johnston's view of the situation was clearer than the published correspondence would indicate. If much material of similar character exists, a new biography will be in order. The point is worth a sentence's stress: As dramatically as any American, Johnston illustrates the somber, the cynical truth that a man's place in history depends, in large part, on care and good fortune—care in preserving essential records, and good fortune in having a biographer who uses those records sympathetically. Even the fame of George Washington would be enhanced if, among the hundreds of books written of him, there were one first-class biography.

The appearance of Johnston's *Narrative* prompted John B. Hood to prepare his *apologia*, and doubtless it fixed President Davis's determination to write his defence; but before either of these men had done more than collect a few of the necessary documents, controversy had shifted from the Atlanta campaign to Gettysburg. None planned it, or could foresee that it would be so. It arose in this wise. During the spring of 1869, a number of ex-Confederates in New Orleans held several meetings to discuss means by which the scattered manuscript records of the South, and especially of the period of the war, could be preserved.

On May 1, they proudly organized the Southern Historical Society which was to have its parent organization and its archives in New Orleans and was to establish branches in all the States of the Confederacy. Benjamin M. Palmer, an eloquent Presbyterian divine and one of the leading clergymen of the South, was named president. As secretary, another sponsor of the undertaking, Doctor Joseph Jones, was selected. Gen. R. E. Lee was to be vice president for Virginia, Gen. D. H. Hill for North Carolina, Gen. Wade Hampton for South Carolina, and Alexander H. Stephens for Georgia. At like level of distinction were the vice presidents for the remaining States.⁶⁴ The plan for the Society was admirable, though its scope was perhaps overambitious. Doctor Jones went vigorously to work, but he was in the full tide of a crowded scientific career. President Palmer was one of the busiest men in New Orleans. The Society, in consequence, did not progress. On August 14, 1873, some of the Confederate veterans who annually foregathered at the Montgomery Sulphur Springs, Virginia, effected a reorganization and changed the headquarters to Richmond. At the same time they re-adopted the initial program for the collection and ultimate publication of virtually all classes of historical

material which, as they had sad reason to know, was widely scattered and subject to steady loss from fire, from damp and from neglect. As temporary secretary the Society chose Col. George W. Munford, former secretary of the Commonwealth of Virginia.

To the presidency they named the vehement gentleman who, seven years before, had been telling the Secretary of War from his exile in Canada that he would not surrender General Lee's final war-letter to him. General Early had come back to the South, after all, and was devoting himself to historical study, not to say historical controversy. Ere long, the reputation that J. William Jones was gaining from his *Personal Reminiscences of General Lee* brought him an invitation to become permanent secretary of the Society. Jones accepted and, in January, 1876, launched *The Southern Historical Society Papers* as a monthly magazine of the Confederacy. Southern writers previously had complained that they could not get Northern magazines to print their contributions. In actual fact, the fault lay more often with the writers than with the magazines, as the list of Southern contributors for 1865-75 will show; but once *The Southern Historical Society Papers* began to appear, every Southerner who had anything worth recording on the

war had a medium for its publication. Doctor Jones's early, detailed review of the "Treatment of Prisoners, North and South," demonstrated the falsity of the charge that the South was inhuman to Federal captives.

That discussion attracted interest. Scarcely had it been cleared from the files of the *Papers* than a dispute arose over responsibility for the Confederate failure at Gettysburg. Argument had been in progress for several years and had been attributed by Virginians to various statements on the part of Gen. James Longstreet. He had been answered by General Early and by Gen. W. N. Pendleton, but the firing, so to say, had been at random. On February 27, 1876, General Longstreet delivered a furious attack on Gen. Fitz. Lee, through the *New Orleans Republican*, whereupon both General Lee and General Early re-entered the controversy with vehemence. Doctor J. William Jones, meantime, had received from the Count of Paris a series of questions on "The causes of Lee's defeat at Gettysburg," which questions the French historian of the war asked the secretary of the Society to propound to surviving participants in the battle. Obliging, Doctor Jones sent copies of the count's questions to officers of every division that had fought

at Gettysburg and to various artillerists. Their answers brought the controversy into *The Southern Historical Society Papers*, where it continued furiously for more than a year.

Many of the Confederate generals who fought on that bloody field shared in this controversy, either over their own names or through lieutenants. Two articles contributed by General Longstreet to a most interesting series in the *Philadelphia Weekly Times* added fagots to the fire. From first to last, through the whole discussion, General Early was the most conspicuous protagonist of Lee, and the knight the other challengers had least success in riding down. The debate, of course, attracted the widest attention to the organization that published the *Papers*, established its place, and furnished material which, any student of the Pennsylvania campaign will attest, even the *Official Records* themselves did not supersede.⁶⁵

Jefferson Davis did not participate in the famous "Gettysburg controversy," though he was quick to challenge⁶⁶ the accuracy of R. M. T. Hunter's account of the Hampton Roads Conference. The ex-President was biding his time, was conducting a large correspondence to procure lost letters and documents, and was preparing his full answers to Gen. Joseph E.

Johnston and to all other critics. At length, in 1881, his two, long-awaited volumes appeared.⁶⁷ *The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government* is, of course, a distinguished and revered book. Its discussion of the constitutional issue is more historical than Stephens' in its treatment and not less solid. The ex-President made out, also, an excellent defence against the many charges levelled at him, and in some instances he successfully carried the war into Africa. It has to be confessed, in spite of these qualities, that the work is not particularly readable. At times Mr. Davis was irritating in his insistence on the accuracy of his memory, which was by no means free of lapses. Some parts of the book are dull and labored. If, at the end, a reader feels that a work which should have been the greatest of all Confederate memoirs does not fall now among even the dozen best, there still must be respect for a man who, through a decade and more, patiently collected material and, at seventy, sat down and wrote a work of almost 1500 pages. Those historical writers who keep on their shelves virtually every book needed for the treatment of any phase of Confederate history have no conception of the difficulties Mr. Davis met and overcame in gathering his sources.

Even greater difficulties, not overcome in every

instance, were encountered by John B. Hood. When he began, in 1878, to write his answer to Joseph E. Johnston and his defence of his conduct in the Georgia-Tennessee campaign of 1864, the disasters of peace had been added to those of war. On the close of hostilities, he had gone to Texas, where many of his veterans lived, and, in a short time he had built up in New Orleans an excellent business as a commission merchant and cotton broker. Perhaps he expanded his enterprises too quickly; perhaps the rashness he had displayed more than once in battle was an ineradicable quality of his nature. Soon, with a large family, he was reduced to poverty. In the face of this and in the absence of many essential documents he wrote his apologia under the title *Advance and Retreat: Personal Experiences in the United States and Confederate Armies*.⁶⁸

This is a genuinely tragic book, brave and bitter, wistful and manly, touched with humor in the early chapters, grim in its recountal of the circumstances which defeated his final plan of operations, that had, at least in theory, the possibility of shining success. The story of Atlanta, of Jonesboro, of Nashville, and of Franklin is the darker because, where responsibility had been less, Hood had been one of the South's finest

figures. Magnificent in stature ere he was maimed, no brigade commander had better troops in the summer of 1862, and no chief of division in 1863 had larger renown. In society he was as distinguished as on the field of battle, and in the conquest of the Confederate capital, he had been as swift as in attack at Second Manassas. He did not live to enjoy the modest success his book attained. On August 24, 1879, his wife died; six days later Hood and his eldest daughter succumbed to yellow fever. Ten children, including twins three weeks old, were left. To provide for these children, a Hood Orphan Memorial Fund was organized in New Orleans. Old comrades contributed; schools opened their doors to the orphans of so gallant a soldier. In time, most of the girls married and had their measure of good fortune and of ill. Always, in beautiful loyalty of spirit they cherished their father's memory, and when, at last, they decided to place his relics in the custody of the Confederate Museum of Richmond, they sent a uniform every button of which still was resplendent, and a sword without a blemish.

Prominent among those who undertook to sponsor the publication of Hood's *Advance and Retreat*, to further the Orphan Fund, was Gen. P. G. T. Beauregard. His name, and only his, appears in modest type

with the publication lines on the title page. This was a generous act, a soldierly gesture, by the one prominent Confederate commander who had emerged from the war in the full conviction, apparently, that he had made no mistake. Like Hood and Davis and Johnston, he, too, made his appeal to posterity, but it certainly was not in an apology, nor was it a controversial book, save as General Beauregard felt called upon to show how wrong were those who disagreed with him. A curious work, for this and other reasons, assuredly is *The Military Operations of General Beauregard*.⁶⁹ It bears, as author, the name of Alfred Roman, Beauregard's aide and inspector general, who married a daughter of the senior Barnwell Rhett of the *Charleston Mercury*. Roman was abundantly able, on every count, to write or to fight; but his part in this book is difficult to establish. The preface is by Beauregard, who explains that the work is written "from notes and documents authenticated" by him, and is a "correct account" of his services. He proceeds to this acknowledgment: "In developing the truth of history, and fortifying it with evidence beyond dispute, I desire to express my appreciation of the earnest, able and judicial manner in which the author has performed his arduous undertaking; and I fully endorse

all his statements and comments, excepting only such encomiums as he has thought proper to bestow upon me." The exception is substantial, because much of the narrative is encomium. It has been the custom of historical writers, without depreciating the industry of Roman, to regard the work as essentially autobiographical.

If Beauregard affirmed and did not stop to controvert in Roman's *Military Operations*, he became engaged with an old friend in an early stage of the next notable publication on Confederate history, the so-called "Century War Series." More by chance than otherwise, the *Century Magazine* for July, 1883, contained two papers on the John Brown Raid. These were written from opposite points of view and were on that account the more interesting. Clarence Clough Buel, assistant editor of the magazine, was so much pleased with the reception that, on July 17, he proposed to his colleagues a series of eight or ten articles on the principal battles of the war as seen by surviving Union and Confederate officers of distinction who had participated in the engagements. The plan was approved promptly and was put in early execution. It developed into several score articles, long and short, which ran from November, 1884, to the correspond-

ing month in 1887. Almost immediately the whole was reprinted in four volumes under the title *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, cited so often in modern works as *B. & L.*

Appearing monthly, brilliantly illustrated and referring in many cases to the newly published *Official Records*, the "Century War Series" aroused an interest which might be a gentle reminder to the magazine editors of today that *fortes vixere ante Agamemnona*. Within half a year, the circulation of the *Century* rose from 127,000 to 225,000 copies monthly. Among some Confederates, as the correspondence of General Northrop with President Davis shows, there was a pathetic desire to have individual views presented. In a few instances, if the editors were not actually imposed upon, they were led to accept uncritically the contributions of veterans who had been more vocal than valiant during the war and more imaginative than authoritative in their writing. There was at least one case that would have justified Senator Ben Hill's withering satire on those who had been invisible in war and invincible in peace. Perhaps, too, the editors of *The Century*, in the somewhat complacent preface to the *Battles and Leaders*, exaggerated their own impartiality, because in their footnotes they

usually applied Doctor Johnson's rule of giving the Whig dogs the worst of it. On the whole, the editors were just in their choice of such former soldiers of eminence as then were alive and willing to tell the tale of "battles long ago." The series, in a different metaphor, offered a stage to many actors who otherwise would not have appeared behind the footlights. Certainly, too, in their apportionment of space, the editors made due allowance for the fact that brevity is not a virtue of our Southern clime.

The controversies aroused by the "Century War Series" began with the narratives of the initial major engagement. Gen. Joseph E. Johnston took offence at some of the assertions General Beauregard made of his part in directing the First Battle of Manassas, and replied hotly. Beauregard rejoined. It was excellent publicity for the magazine, but to the South it was humiliating to have two old soldiers disputing over a battle concerning which, two decades before, each had sought to outdo the other in compliments. Only the historian, puzzled by many things that happened that 21st of July, 1861, on Bull Run, was the gainer by the revelations the Castor and Pollux of the contest wrathfully made.

Fate deprived the "Century War Series" of any

contribution from the one Confederate general who possessed literary art that approached first rank. This officer was Lt. Gen. Richard Taylor. As the son of President Zachary Taylor, he had every advantage of wealth, station and training before the war. Although he was not educated formally for a career of arms, he had studied military history with much attention and, when hostilities opened, he received commission as colonel of the Ninth Louisiana Infantry. There could be no greater tribute to his efficiency as administrator and field commander than the fact that after a few days' contact with Taylor's troops in the Valley of Virginia, Jackson virtually appropriated them from Ewell's division and used them as confidently as he did his own "Stonewall" brigade. Within a year after Taylor reached Virginia, the colonel had been made a major general and had been assigned to the command of the Department of West Louisiana. Later he became a lieutenant general. He was a man of absolute self-reliance, but a just judge of others. If he despised a self-seeker, he had high affection for those who met the challenge of war's hell.

How grimly fortune dealt with him! During the war he lost two of his five children because of scarlet fever; his baronial estates were confiscated; from the

amplest, easiest life of the Old South, he was brought down to poverty. Even in that plight, he did not fail his old comrades in arms or forget his oppressed State. Few voices were more persuasive in those days than that of Dick Taylor, who contrived somehow to get to Washington and to plead for justice. Undoubtedly, in mental power, he was one of the ablest of the sons of American Presidents. Had the beam of fate been tipped in the opposite direction, he probably would have risen high, and would have given to the Taylor line—a notable line it was—the continuing distinction that the Adamses won.

Only this measure of good fortune came to Taylor during the hard post-bellum years: He wrote for *The North American Review* a few articles which displayed so much literary charm and so observant an analysis of character, that he developed them into a book—*Destruction and Reconstruction*.⁷⁰ The earlier chapters on Taylor's service with Jackson are more thrilling than his later narrative of his checkmating campaigns in Louisiana, but the whole is fascinating, rich in historical allusion and written with the unmistakable touch of cultured scholarship. No firmer, more accurate pictures are to be found in Confederate literature than those Taylor penned of "Stonewall,"

of Ewell and of others less renowned. He died all too young, at fifty-three, in the year his remarkable book appeared and before he had the solace its fine reception would have brought him. Although he did not write as a controversialist, yet when he paused in a footnote to express his opinion of Alexander H. Stephens, he fairly scorched the paper.

Relatively little appeared in the "Century War Series" concerning Albert Sidney Johnston, the soldier to whom hundreds of thousands of Southerners had looked for victorious leadership to the very hour he fell at Shiloh. Fortunately, Johnston left his Confederate papers intact, and had preserved, in addition, many of his private letters. From this material, slowly and laboriously, among the exactions of a teaching career, his son, William Preston Johnston, prepared a long *Life of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston*,⁷¹ which was published handsomely in 1878. Better perhaps than any Confederate biography of so early a date, it retains historical authority.

"Jeb" Stuart was another who seemed to his old soldiers to have less place than he deserved in the "Century War Series," but in his devoted adjutant general, Maj. H. B. McClellan, he found by 1885 a careful biographer. *The Life and Campaigns of . . .*

Stuart,⁷² as it came from Major McClellan's pen, was based on so much sound study and was buttressed by so sure a memory that, forty-five years later, the brilliant John W. Thomason could rely on it in the preparation of his dazzling *Jeb Stuart*,⁷³ already a classic of Confederate literature.

CHAPTER V

THE APPEAL TO THE RECORDS

MIDWAY these controversies, unhappy but informative, began the greatest of all the publications on the struggle, the so-called *War of the Rebellion Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies*.

As early as May, 1864, the Congress of the United States had directed that the Secretary of War furnish the Public Printer with copies of all military papers which he thought it proper to issue. A beginning had been made shortly thereafter by Col. E. D. Townsend, Assistant Adjutant General of the Army, in the sifting of documents. Further labor was rendered by the distinguished Francis Leiber and probably by Peter H. Watson, former Assistant Secretary of War, but for almost a decade nothing tangible was accomplished. In June, 1874, when the War Department appropriation bill was under consideration, Gen. James A. Garfield moved an amendment to include

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\$15,000 "to enable the Secretary of War to begin the publication of the official records of the war of the rebellion, both of the Union and Confederate armies." Under this amendment the secretary was directed "to have copied for the Public Printer all reports, letters, telegrams, and general orders not heretofore copied or printed and properly arranged in chronological order." Mr. Coburn spoke briefly in favor of the amendment. He told of the danger of the loss or destruction of the records and dwelt on the importance, alike to North and to South, of their preservation. Without opposition the amendment was adopted by the House and was accepted by the Senate. The bill, after conference, was signed by President Grant, on June 23.

This was the beginning of the most notable publication of its kind in America or, for that matter, in the world. Colonel Townsend resumed his labors to put the records in order; various assistants began examination of the files. An appropriation of \$50,000 on March 3, 1875, was followed by one of \$40,000 on July 31, 1876. Before the end of 1877, forty-seven volumes of records had been put in type. From each of them, thirty copies had been printed as a "trial edition." On December 14 of that year, a very able and

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devoted army officer, Lt. Col. R. N. Scott, was placed in charge of the whole enterprise. The following summer he completed a plan of publication which was approved by the Secretary of War. Printing of a large edition of the *Records* in final form was then projected.

The task was one to tax all the energy of any group of archivists and editors. To quote the report of Elihu Root that prefaced the final index volume: "The papers examined were well-nigh beyond computation, being counted not by documents or boxes, but by tons, roomfuls or the contents of buildings. The volunteer records of discontinued commands (being the books and papers turned in by volunteer officers when mustered out) filled a large four-story warehouse; the Confederate records alone crowded an entire three-story building; the papers to be examined in the Adjutant-General's Office occupied a third of the old War Department building; military telegrams were almost countless, a single collection of Union dispatches alone containing over 2,000,000; all these, as well as the files of the Secretary's office and the various bureaus of the War Department, had to be carefully read and considered, paper by paper, and, if deemed proper for publication, copied and compared. In ad-

dition, thousands of individual contributions of original documents of the war period were received from time to time from officers and others throughout the country, either as loans or as donations to the Government; in many instances the collections thus donated or loaned were of formidable dimensions. In all such cases thorough examination and consideration were required to prevent duplication of matter and to establish not only the accuracy of copies but the authenticity of original documents. Missing links had to be traced by exhaustive correspondence and other research to secure completeness of the work as each volume appeared."⁷⁴

The first volume of the *Records*, covering secession and the attack on Fort Sumter, was issued in July, 1881; the volume on Fort Donelson appeared in 1883; the Seven Days were covered in the three parts of Volume XI, which were distributed in 1884-85. The latter year witnessed, also, the publication of extant papers on Jackson's Valley campaign and of those that concerned Second Manassas. All available reports and documents on Gettysburg were given to the world in 1889-90; those on Vicksburg were distributed in 1889, and those on Atlanta in 1892. The final volume was printed in 1900, and was supple-

mented the next year by the Index. All in all, 128 books appeared, to a total of 13,579 pages and at a cost of \$2,858,000.

There was from the first some grumbling over the arrangement of material as devised by Colonel Scott. Even to this day, those who begin to dig into the *Records* are inclined to swear much because the reports often are in one part of a volume and the correspondence in another; but after one becomes accustomed to the arrangement, it seems simple and, indeed, appears the only logical one in which the documents could be presented. The worst that has been said about the arrangement is a trifle compared with the tributes that have been paid this unprecedented work.

The *Official Records* amazed the South by their impartiality. Except for the fact that the ugly word "Rebellion" appeared on the books, the only fact to indicate they were issued by the victors was that the Union reports and correspondence always preceded the Confederate. There was no editing, other than that involved in the selection of the papers that should appear. When a name was misspelled or in doubt, or an error was obvious, the editors inserted a square bracket to indicate the fact. Nothing was suppressed on military operations or on any other subject except some

casual and probably malicious allegations of civilian disloyalty; no omissions were countenanced; if there were mistakes in official documents, they were permitted to stand, lest the attempt to correct them lead to worse errors. In those instances where a dispatch said that an officer was a fool, a coward or a drunkard, that, too was left to speak for itself. Many a veteran, reading the *Records*, must have been humiliated to know, thirty years after the event, in what poor estimation he was held by his superiors. Not a few must have been surprised and pleased to see how deeds which they thought had been forgotten of men were recorded with praise.

The two immediate results of this great publication were, first, the establishment of more definite standards of accuracy in historical writing, and, second, the virtual conclusion of the long dispute over the disparity of forces. It is unnecessary to dwell on the former of these results. Obviously, when the dated document was there to speak for itself, there was no excuse for relying on memory. Tales that had been magnified in the telling dwindled to their just proportions in the cold light of the established facts. If it be true that the War between the States is now, with a few regrettable omissions, the most thoroughly stud-

ied military conflict of modern times, the reason is the availability of the *Official Records*.

The termination of most controversies over comparative strength was not without its humorous and its pathetic aspect. In almost every battle of every war, needless to state, each side credits the other with larger numbers than it has, and charges it with far heavier losses than it sustains. A Federal historian was wont to say that the Confederates so consistently underrated the effective strength of the Army of Northern Virginia that he expected at any time to read that the great host of General Hooker had been defeated in the Wilderness by General Lee and a one-legged sergeant. The *Official Records* could not establish the exact strength of the contending armies in all their engagements, nor was it possible to compensate for the loss of many of the files of the Confederate Surgeon General of the Army; but nine times in ten, material was at hand to settle at least approximately the disputable figures. In some instances, Unionists could point to the *Official Records* and could show that the Confederates were more numerous in a given fight than their leaders had believed them to be. Most of the "returns" of the opposing armies bore out all that Southerners had maintained regarding the in-

equality of the contending armies. The figures were not solely of historical interest. Lessons in economy of force may be learned today from a careful study of the grim tables in the *Official Records*.

None who has used that great compilation has failed to observe the occasional appearance of an asterisk which refers to the disappointing footnote, "Not found." If ever they had been in the archives, many letters of manifest importance had been removed, destroyed or purloined. Voluminous as were the collections that had been patiently examined by the editors, they were not complete. Occurrences that affected some of the major events of the war could not be traced in their entirety because of these missing documents. This was true of the preliminaries of the Seven Days, of Jackson's Valley Campaign, of Vicksburg, of Gettysburg and of the fearsome months of the winter of 1864-65. One could not be sure, even after searching to the last supplement of the final volume, what Lee had said on some vital subjects, what Jackson had done at certain decisive moments, or how Pemberton had faced the crisis that came when he was forsaken by his comrades in arms.

Most important of all the papers "not found" were confidential dispatches of General Lee to Mr. Davis

from June, 1862, to the end of the war. The President was in the habit of keeping these on his desk in his office and of taking them at intervals to the Executive Mansion. When the evacuation of Richmond was imminent, all records of known value were packed at the White House of the Confederacy and were transported safely to Danville, Virginia. Thence they were removed to Abbeville, South Carolina, where many of them were destroyed. Others were entrusted to the care of private individuals. The more precious archives of the President were carried on to Washington, Georgia, and were left in the custody of Mr. Davis's hostess. Through her vigilance they were saved from seizure by the Federal authorities who hoped to find in them personally incriminating evidence against the President. His letter books and the volume that contained copies of his messages to Congress were sent subsequently to Canada. Many other papers were accounted for, but the confidential dispatches from the commander of the Army of Northern Virginia had vanished. Search by President Davis failed to uncover them.

Nothing was heard of these papers until, in *Scribner's Monthly*, for February, 1876, a letter written August 8, 1863, by General Lee to President Davis

on the outcome of the Battle of Gettysburg was quoted in an article entitled "A Piece of Secret History," by Col. Charles C. Jones, Jr., a Georgia writer of some reputation. When Mr. Davis read this letter, he recalled it as one of those in the lost collection, and he at once made inquiry of his war-time Private Secretary, Col. Burton N. Harrison, who was then in New York. Colonel Harrison had left Richmond on official business, at the President's instance, some hours before the evacuation, but he remembered that he had packed all the papers of his office into boxes, which had duly been shipped South. Some records left in Abbeville had been transported from that town to Pass Christian, Mississippi, and had been carried by him to New Orleans, whence, in time, they had been shipped to him in New York. They were, of course, at the President's command.

Of the confidential dispatches, Harrison knew nothing directly, but he had received after the war from Washington, Georgia, a trunk he had used in Richmond. How it had reached Georgia, he did not know, though he assumed it had been sent with other luggage from the White House. Upon receipt, he had opened this trunk and had found in it some letters from General Lee on top a mass of worthless old

clothes. Harrison had kept the trunk, as he had moved from one boarding-house to another, though he never had found time to examine its contents in detail. Sometime during 1870, as he explained when the President wrote him in 1877, he had loaned the contents of the trunk and all the papers to Colonel Jones, at that gentleman's request, to arrange them in order. After the appearance of Jones's article in 1876, Colonel Harrison remarked to its author that he remembered the letter from General Lee on Gettysburg and that he was surprised to see it in print. Where, he asked, were the other letters from Lee that had been in the trunk? "Colonel Jones replied," to quote Harrison's report of May 24, 1877, to his old chief, "that there were no letters from General Lee in the trunk when it reached his house—that the one he had published had been lent him by some person in Richmond (whose name he did not mention)." Harrison continued: "[Jones] added that he (Colonel Jones) then had in his possession other letters from General Lee to you, which he said he (Colonel Jones) had borrowed from persons in Richmond. I expressed my surprise at the suggestion that any letters addressed to you had come into the possession of persons in Richmond; he said that several persons there had such things."

After this exchange, Colonel Harrison opened the trunk in the presence of Maj. W. T. Walthall, who was Mr. Davis's historical assistant. No papers were found in it; only a few were discovered when the contents were examined later in detail at Colonel Harrison's home. Puzzled and curious about the trunk and its adventures, Harrison hunted up Col. Taylor Wood, a former associate on President Davis's staff, who told him for the first time how the trunk got to Washington, Georgia. It had been in Harrison's room at the White House, Wood said, and had been nearly full of clothes. On these, Wood and Harrison's clerk had put the papers in the President's office and those Mr. Davis had at the Executive Mansion. Time had pressed; the receptacle was handy; Harrison had gone and did not need it. The clerk then had shipped the trunk with the other baggage and later had abandoned it at Washington, Georgia. Apparently, then, Harrison's old trunk had contained for years the most confidential of all the President's papers, though Harrison had never been aware of the fact!⁷⁵

Colonel Jones insisted that he had not found in the trunk the dispatches that may have been on President Davis's desk when Colonel Wood had removed

the papers there and had put them in the trunk. Burton Harrison could state only that before he loaned the trunk to Colonel Jones it had contained some papers in the autograph of Lee. There the matter rested. The editors of the *Official Records* had to go to print without the missing documents. Mr. Davis did not have access to them when he wrote his *Rise and Fall*. The history-reading public did not know whether the confidential dispatches had been hidden or forever lost until, in 1915, they were published.⁷⁶ It then developed that the missing papers were part of the famous private collection of Wymberley Jones de Renne of Wormsloe, Georgia; but of their history, Mr. de Renne said only that he had purchased them "from a well-known Southern writer."⁷⁷ Mr. Davis's correspondence, edited by Dunbar Rowland and issued in 1923, revealed all the circumstances as the President and Colonel Harrison saw them.

Very different is the story of the second most notable collection of Confederate dispatches "not found" by the diligent compilers of the *Official Records*. From the beginning of the professional study of "Stonewall" Jackson's Valley Campaign of 1862, military historians have been searching for some of the communications Jackson wrote when he was

planning the operations that have fascinated two generations of soldiers. Headquarters letters to Jackson were in the *Official Records*; some important gaps were filled by *Lee's Dispatches*; but important official papers that evidently went from Jackson's camp to Richmond—because they were duly acknowledged—could not be found. In 1938, through the kindness of Mrs. George Holmes of Charleston, South Carolina, and of Mrs. R. E. Christian of Deerfield, Virginia, access was allowed to the papers of Maj. Jed. Hotchkiss, long-time chief Topographical Engineer of Jackson's corps and the man more responsible than any other for the ability of "Old Jack" always to proceed in sure knowledge of the country where he was operating. Major Hotchkiss performed many services in the war that would have been a credit to officers of divisional rank and, in the later years of his life, as will appear more fully in Chapter VII, he devoted much of his leisure to collecting historical papers that concerned his beloved commander. It was accordingly to be expected that, if any new light were to be thrown on Jackson's operations in May-June, 1862, it would be through the Hotchkiss papers. Among these documents were sheets of odd sizes and a fragment of a long, well-worn ledger, into which

Major Hotchkiss in the winter of 1864-65 had copied abstracts of Jackson's orders and letters, lest they fall into the hands of the enemy and disappear. Many of the important dispatches Major Hotchkiss had transcribed in full, and well he had, because his fears were realized. In the Federals' final onslaught, the originals were burned or scattered. Hotchkiss' abstract, characteristically accurate, was complete until May 19, 1862—almost the eve of the swift and secret advance on Front Royal. Then, at the very point where interest was highest, there was a gap—and not another line until June 10, when Cross Keys and Port Republic had been fought and won! Had there been a line in the letter book, Hotchkiss of course would have transcribed it. The disappointing conclusion was inevitable: Such missing confidential dispatches as Jackson wrote during the campaign, he penned with his own hand and sent to Lee, who, in his turn, must have torn them to bits.

So much for the price that military commanders may be compelled to pay for the secrecy that often is essential to success! If the price is one of historical misinterpretation, and even if it means that the most important lesson of a military campaign is obscured for all time, that is better than the wastage of life that

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may attend lack of secrecy. In other cases besides Jackson's, this lesson is to be drawn from the *Official Records*, but the longest lacunæ do not dim the matchless splendor of that publication.

CHAPTER VI

THE WAR THROUGH WOMEN'S EYES

SCARCELY a woman's name appears in Lee's confidential dispatches to President Davis. Not many are mentioned in the *Official Records* outside the correspondence on espionage and "suspected disloyalty." To assume on this account that women made no contribution to the writing of Confederate history would be almost as unreasonable as to ignore their influence on the morale of the armies. Their letters brightened many a night-watch; their formal publications soften the hard lines of military narratives.

Few of their letters are extant. Most of those taken from the dead bodies of soldiers mercifully were destroyed, but occasionally one finds in family papers a closely and carefully written sheet that passed to the battle front and, in some fashion, found its way back home again. At least one such letter should have a place here to illustrate in what spirit the women heartened the men at the front. The letter selected as

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typical of the best was penned June 29, 1863, by Sallie Radford Munford of Richmond, to her first cousin, John Henry Munford, Lieutenant of the Letcher Battery, which was making its way along Pennsylvania roads. Miss Munford was then about twenty-two and was the first of the ten daughters of Col. George W. Munford, Secretary of the Commonwealth of Virginia, by his second wife, Elizabeth T. Ellis. Miss Sallie's half brother, Col. Thomas T. Munford, had distinguished himself in a score of cavalry actions. The lieutenant, her correspondent, was the elder of the two gallant sons of Doctor Robert Munford and his wife, who had been Anne Curtis. The connections of the family were of the widest and highest in Virginia.

Here, then, is what Miss Sallie Munford wrote to her kinsman on the day that General Lee ordered his infantry to converge on Cashtown and Gettysburg:

My dear John, Richmond, June 29th 1863.

I had promised myself the pleasure of sending you a long letter by Willie Pegram, as I had not been able to write by the last opportunity which carried you letters from home, but I was so unwell the day before he left, I would not in-

flict upon you one of my stupid epistles. Now I can only write, hoping if it ever reaches you, it will serve to show how much we all constantly think of you, though I much fear, from the present state of the Army, my letter will never find your Battery. We are kept in the most constant state of anticipation and suspense concerning the present movements of our troops; everything is shrouded in mystery, except the one fact that our gallant boys are at last in Maryland and Pennsylvania, and are by no means idle there. I cannot learn whether your Battery has yet crossed the Potomac, though as Pegram's Battalion of Artillery was bringing up the rear when last heard from, I suppose you are with Gen Lee's portion of the Army. I know you will have a fine chance when you cross the river, and only wish I could be there to witness the entrance of our troops in some of those Union towns. War at all times, and especially such a war as we are engaged in, makes all classes fearfully bloodthirsty, and I am oftentimes astonished at the force of my feelings against the Yankees, but when I remember what we have suffered and lost, when I think of all the horrors they have inflicted upon our people, and of the shameful display of barbarity and uncivilized warfare they have always displayed, I cannot wonder at the

strength of such feelings, nor blame the merest child for desiring *retaliation*. And if the accounts in the papers are true Ewell, Imboden and Jenkins, are at last carrying this fearful war into the enemy's territory, and causing them to feel some of the horrors of burning houses, homeless families, desolated fields, and an impoverished country. While such rumours as the burning of Harrisburg, the vast destruction of public and private property slowly reach us, we, the good people of Richmond are by no means quietly moving on the "even tenor of our way"; raids, and intended attacks by the Yankees upon our town, caused a good deal of excitement last week, which culminated when we learned the Yankees, reported 20,000 strong, were advancing in our direction. The Militia, were all called out, and yesterday, Sunday, the entire male population from 16 to 55, were occupied in drilling and manning the fortifications. There has been no alarm at all, for no one dreamed that the city could be taken, but as Gen Lee has telegraphed for more troops, before we could send them, it was necessary to find out what militia force we could count upon, and the display has been a most satisfactory one.—I have been enjoying Kate Corbin's visit most amazingly; the weather has been entirely too warm for any unusual exer-

tion, so we spend our time mostly in sewing, in reading aloud, and of course talking, for who ever knew a parcel of girls assembled together who did not talk. And what do you suppose we talk about? our noble, brave, and gallant soldiers,—the deeds of daring and heroism which has made this the most unsurpassed of all wars, where one common feeling animates the breasts of high and low, old and young. And such a subject is inexhaustible; I do long sometimes to be a man that I too might fight for so glorious a cause, never have I felt more than now how hard it is to do a woman's part,—to wait, and that *patiently*, until others shall strike the decisive blow.—We have suffered a good deal of anxiety about Bro Tom recently; for the last fortnight, he has had a fight with the Yankees, either in Fauquier or Loudoun, every day, and some of these have been most desperate, hand to hand encounters.—In the first, on the 17th, Jemmie Tucker was very badly wounded, by a pistol ball in the back, the ball lodging under the right shoulder blade, and rendering his right arm perfectly useless.—After great exertions uncle Bev succeeded in reaching him, and last night they arrived here, but the wound has healed entirely, and the ball not yet being found, the Surgeon will be obliged to probe it, and I fear it will be a tedious and

most painful wound. It seems so hard that such a boy, (he is just 18,) should have to suffer so much.—I know you will be glad to hear that your Mother's school closes tomorrow; it will be a great relief to her I know, and I hope she will entirely recruit during the summer.—The Munfords had intended to have paid their visit to the Prices' last week but the approach of the Yankees deterred their going, and they will wait now until all is quiet. Nannie has grown to be a very pretty girl, and seems to greatly enjoy the freedom of being away from Yankee rule.—Congratulate Robert, for me, upon his well merited promotion. I was so very glad to hear of it, and hope before long you will also earn the title of Captain.—I expect to hear great things from your Battery this summer, and I know I shall not be disappointed. And what a campaign we are to have; hardships, toilsome marches, and wearisome nights of watchings I know will be your portion, but the end that is before our gallant soldiers is a sufficient recompense, and when our loved country is free, who will not be proud to tell that he was one of that army which so nobly fought for her independence. My paper gives out, and I must close, with the ever fervent prayer that our Heavenly Father may guard Robert and yourself, and bring you safely

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through all the perils that surround you. All join
me in warm love, ever

Your much attached cousin,

Sallie R. Munford.⁷⁸

This typical letter has been preserved because it never was delivered. Ere it could reach the Army of Northern Virginia, by the long route through the Shenandoah Valley and across the Potomac, Gettysburg had been fought and lost. John Munford had fallen, with a desperate head wound, in the ghastly action of July 3 when Lee had attempted to storm Cemetery Ridge. The young lieutenant was brought with other wounded back to Richmond where, babbling in delirium of charges and ranges, he died within a week.

Miss Sallie later married Charles H. Talbott, lived to great age and, ere the end, had unique distinction. In November, 1927, Virginia received again the State flag that had been hauled down from the Capitol on the day the Union army had entered Richmond. Maj. A. H. Stevens, Jr., of the 4th Mass. Cavalry, had won that prize and had kept it with care. His grandson, Frederick A. Stevens, Jr., of Arlington, Massachusetts, decided that the long blue standard should be returned

to the Old Dominion. When announcement of the coming ceremony was published, Mrs. Talbott, who was then eighty-seven, remarked casually that she believed she could identify the flag for the quite sufficient reason that she had made it. Her father, she explained, had been responsible as Secretary of the Commonwealth for the supply of standards for the Capitol. Late in the war he had observed that he was having difficulty in procuring a new banner to take the place of the wind-ripped one then flying. He could procure the bunting, he said, but he had no one to paint for the center the figure of Liberty conquering Tyranny. Miss Sallie then had volunteered to make the flag and, with her sisters, had done so. Sixty-three years later, in the old Hall of the House of Delegates, when the flag was returned, she ran her fingers along the seams she had sewed as a girl.⁷⁹

Unfortunately, Mrs. Talbott did not write her memoirs, nor did many of the older women who played a conspicuous part in the war. For example, Mrs. Arthur Francis Hopkins, wife of the Chief Justice of Alabama, apparently left no record of her great labors for the South. Born Juliet Opie, of the high blood of the Lindsays, she married Capt. Alex. G. Gordon of the Navy while she was quite young.

After early widowhood, she became the wife of Judge Hopkins. On the outbreak of the war, she was forty-five, wealthy and the mother of several children. Without hesitation she gave herself to the service of the Alabama volunteers and, when the first of them went to Richmond, she followed and organized in the Confederate capital the Alabama Hospital, one of the best of many. It is of record that she and Judge Hopkins gave \$200,000 to the maintenance of this hospital and to similar works. Alabama honored her by formal legislative thanks and by placing her fine, aristocratic face on two of the State's bank-notes. She had the still higher honor of shedding her blood for the South. On the field of Seven Pines, where she went to succor the victims, she received two wounds, and to the day of her death, limped from the effects of her injuries.⁸⁰ She is buried in Arlington among the brave, her peers, and by that very interment she is memorialized; but what a monument her own narrative of her experiences would have been!

From the diaries of the few who recorded their experiences, Doctor Matthew Page Andrews has quoted most effectively in his *Women of the South in War Times*.⁸¹ Probably the first in date of publication among these journals and certainly among the very

first in interest was Mrs. Judith Brockenbrough McGuire's *Diary of a Refugee*, issued in 1867.⁸² Mrs. McGuire was of devoted Virginia stock and was the wife of Reverend John P. McGuire, principal of the Episcopal High School, near Alexandria. At forty-eight years of age, she fled before the oncoming Federals and moved to Richmond. Ere she left her home, she began a daily record which, as she subsequently explained, she kept "for the members of the family who are too young to remember these days." The diary was not one of those spuriously confidential documents written with an eye to subsequent publication. In its naturalness and informality, it is a perfect picture of the mind of the high-bred, religious Southern woman of middle life. The gentility it displays without a single self-conscious touch, the faith it exemplifies, and the light it throws on the hopes and fears of the South make it as interesting psychologically as it is historically.

More diverting than the *Diary of a Refugee*, though about ten years farther removed from the scene, is Mrs. Phœbe Yates Pember's *A Southern Woman's Story*.⁸³ Mrs. Pember had journeyed to Richmond in her desire to relieve the suffering troops, and at the instance of the wife of the Secretary of War, she ac-

cepted the superintendency of a "division" of the vast Chimborazo Hospital. Except as she appears in her own pages, we have only a glimpse of her elsewhere. T. C. de Leon, the Confederate St. Simon, describes her as "brisk and brilliant . . . with a will of steel, under a suave refinement, and [a] pretty, almost Creole accent [which] covered the power to ring in *defi* on occasion."⁸⁴ She found the hospital under excellent general management, with one of the great men of the South at its head; but she discovered among the war surgeons some drunkards and some incompetents. Medical attention was negligent, graft was not lacking. The average ward was anything but what a patriot would like to credit to an institution where, on occasion, as many as 7000 soldiers simultaneously were under treatment for wounds or disease.

The story of Mrs. Pember's war on waste and thievery, of her struggle with indifference, and of her battle to save the lives of individual soldiers would be heartbreaking were it not told with an odd humor. She wrote as she talked, always to the point; wherefore one almost can hear her relate the story of the family that descended on the hospital and refused to be ousted, or that of the patient's wife who presented him with a baby daughter on his own hospital bed

and had the temerity to name it after the outraged matron. These and a hundred other emergencies Mrs. Pember met with a decision which, one ventures, even the most besotted surgeon learned to respect.

Her most charming story, which she must be permitted to tell at length in her own words, dates from a cold day in 1862, when a "whining voice from a bed in one of the wards drawled, 'Kin you writ me a letter?'

"The speaker was an up-country Georgian, one of the kind called 'Goubers' by the soldiers generally; lean, yellow, attenuated, with wispy strands of hair hanging over his high cheek-bones. He put out a hand to detain me, and the nails were like claws.

" 'Why don't you let the nurse cut your nails?'

" 'Because I aren't got any spoon, and I use them instead.'

" 'Will you let me have your hair cut then? You can't get well with all that dirty hair hanging about your eyes and ears.'

" 'No, I can't git my hair cut, kase as how I promised my mammy that I would let it grow till the war be over. Oh, it's onlucky to cut it!'

" 'Then I can't write any letter for you. Do what I wish you to do, and then I will oblige you.'

"That was plain talking. The hair was cut (I left the nails for another day), my portfolio brought, and sitting by the side of his bed I waited for further orders. Then came with a formal introduction—'For Mrs. Marthy Brown.'

" 'My dear Mammy:

" 'I hope this find you well, as it leaves me well, and I hope that I shall git a furlough Christmas, and come and see you, and I hope that you will keep well, and all the folks be well by that time, as I hopes to be well myself. This leaves me in good health, as I hope it finds you and—'

"But here I paused, as his mind seemed to be going round in a circle, and asked him a few questions about his home, his position during the last summer's campaign, how he got sick, and where his brigade was at that time. Thus furnished with some material to work upon, the letter proceeded rapidly. Four sides were conscientiously filled, for no soldier would think a letter worth sending home that showed any blank paper. Transcribing his name, the number of his ward and proper address, so that an answer might reach him—the composition was read to him. Gradually his pale face brightened, a sitting posture was assumed with difficulty (for, in spite of his determined effort

in his letter 'to be well,' he was far from convalescence). As I folded and directed it, contributed the expected five-cent stamp, and handed it to him, he gazed cautiously around to be sure there were no listeners.

" 'Did you writ all that?' he asked, whispering, but with great emphasis.

" 'Yes.'

" 'Did I say all that?'

" 'I think you did.'

"A long pause of undoubted admiration—astonishment ensued. What was working in that poor mind? Could it be that Psyche had stirred one of the delicate plumes of her wing and touched that dormant soul?

" 'Are you married?' The harsh voice dropped very low.

" 'I am not. At least, I am a widow.'

"He rose still higher in bed. He pushed away desperately the tangled hay on his brow. A faint color fluttered over the hollow cheek, and stretching out a long piece of bone with a talon attached, he gently touched my arm and with constrained voice whispered mysteriously:

" 'You wait.' ”⁸⁵

Surely this reveals as much of Southern character,

male and female, and explains as much of the war as does any page of Mr. Davis's or any ream of Mr. Stephens'. If historians have lapsed since Mrs. Pember's day in realistic treatment of the war, the fault assuredly is not hers.

One of the most remarkable of all the women's commentaries on the war never was written. That is to say, it was spoken—presented as testimony before a Senatorial committee. The upper house of the 48th Congress in 1883 directed the committee on Education and Labor to investigate "the relations between Labor and Capital." As chairman served Henry W. Blair of New Hampshire. Among the eight other members were Gen. William Mahone of Virginia and Nelson W. Aldrich of Rhode Island. As the committee was dispatched, apparently, on a serious quest for information and not on a smelling expedition, it travelled widely and held hearings in many cities. In November, it came to the town of Birmingham, Alabama, which was then twelve years old and boasted 12,000 population. As witnesses, Congressman G. W. Hewitt brought before the committee the town's best—Doctor H. W. Caldwell, President of the Elyton Land Company, which developed Birmingham from an old field, Mrs. Caldwell, Mrs. R. W. Boland,

and, as a special attraction, Mrs. George R. Ward.

This notable woman, born in Augusta, Georgia, December 8, 1841, had been Margaret Ketcham, and, through her mother's line was a grandniece of Samuel Griswold Goodrich, better known to the juvenile readers of his school histories as Peter Parley. All the long line of the Connecticut Griswolds was her kin. At sixteen, Margaret Ketcham had married George R. Ward, by whom she had several children, among them George B. Ward, who later became a renowned mayor of Birmingham. During the war, Mrs. Ward lived in Georgia and shared most of the horrors of the invasion, but in 1871 she went to Birmingham with her husband. By the time the Senatorial committee arrived, Mrs. Ward, though only forty-two, was revered as one of the "pioneers" and was a social arbiter besides.

On the evening of November 15, she took the stand. After some formal questions about herself, Mrs. Ward was asked by the chairman: "Had you opportunity of observing the course of life in [Georgia] upon plantations and in society generally prior to the war?" When Mrs. Ward admitted that she had "very full opportunity," the chairman said, "Give us an idea of how things were in Georgia in

those days." Then Mrs. Ward fairly began. She talked admirably, without a stumble or a pause for correction, and she had a humor, an aptitude for illustration, that entranced the committeemen. After a time, Doctor Caldwell chimed in; Mrs. Boland added her observations; so did Mrs. Caldwell; Colonel Hewitt corrected their history and gave general direction to the hearing. After Mrs. Ward had said about all the committee seemed to need concerning the "servant problem," one of the members of the committee asked her to relate her experiences during the war. Without a second's preparation she started and, as the evening wore on, held the committee breathless with her narrative which, after more than fifty years, is as fresh and authentic as when it came from her lips. At the end occurred this colloquy:

The Chairman. Well, Mrs. Ward, on the whole what do you think of the situation?

Mrs. Ward. I think I am going to try to make myself as comfortable as I can with the darkies under existing conditions.

The Chairman. Do you blame us Northern folks for it all, or how do you feel about it?

Mrs. Ward. Yes; I blame you for a great deal of it. I think if you had stayed at home and let

us go out of the Union we would have avoided all this trouble. I don't see what you wanted to keep us in for. When we wanted to go out, you wouldn't let us, and then when we got back you kept all the time dinging and dinging at us as if to make us go out again. You "reconstructed" us as though we had never known anything at all, and as though we were indebted to the Northern people for the very first ideas of civilization.

The Chairman. You will get over that feeling after awhile.

Mrs. Ward. Oh, yes. You have no idea how soothing it is to be able to say what you please to somebody on the other side, and this is the first opportunity I have ever had to air my sentiments before a Republican Senator.

The Chairman. I have enjoyed it very much, haven't you?

Mrs. Ward. Intensely. I am very glad to have had an opportunity of saying it to you face to face, and I never say anything worse about people behind their backs than I say to their faces.

The Chairman. Well, speaking for myself, I must say that I like you Southern people down here very much.

Mrs. Ward. We are all very glad you do like us. We thought all the time you would like us if

you knew anything about us, but you weren't willing to take our say-so in the matter. You just seemed to make up your minds you wouldn't like us and that you weren't going to like us, but I hope that is passed now, and I do reckon that the times will be better hereafter.⁸⁶

She had the last word, and she deserved it. "I hope you will not think me foolishly enthusiastic when I write you," Margaret Mitchell told George G. Ward, in 1936, "that I think your Mother's testimony is undoubtedly the most perfect and valuable complete picture of a long gone day that I have come across in ten years' research into the period of the Sixties." She added: "If I had had that book, I am sure I would not have had to read hundreds of memoirs, letters and diaries to get the background of *Gone with the Wind* accurately."

The most famous war-diary of a Southern woman probably is that of Mrs. James Chesnut, Jr. She was born Mary Boykin Miller, daughter of Stephen Decatur Miller, South Carolina Congressman, Governor and United States Senator. Two years after her father's death in 1838, Mary Miller married James Chesnut, Jr., the inheritor of a distinguished Carolina name and the son of a rich planter. As she was only

seventeen at the time of her marriage, Mrs. Chesnut entered with exuberant zest into the social life of the Palmetto State. Her husband, a Princeton graduate, made politics his avocation and devoted to it far more of his time than to his profession, the law. Gradually he came to the front of the secession party, which sent him to the United States Senate in 1858. On the outbreak of the war, he accepted a place on the staff of General Beauregard, but later he took similar service with President Davis, who had a high opinion of Chesnut's judgment. Varied as were his duties and titles, James Chesnut was, in reality, liaison officer between the Confederacy and South Carolina. On his numerous missions, he often was accompanied by Mrs. Chesnut, who had friends everywhere in the South. Her diary, as published in 1905,⁸⁷ begins November 8, 1869, and ends August 2, 1865. Although she intended to write daily, there are gaps of some length. The internal evidence indicates also that, for some reason, occasional passages of different dates are confused or are connected with disregard of the precise chronology. Despite these blemishes and the exclusion of many items, the printed text of *A Diary from Dixie* is a remarkable human document. Of the complete devotion of Mrs. Chesnut to the Southern cause, there

could be no question; but occasionally the reader hears champagne corks pop while boys are dying in the mud. Then again there is all the poignancy of woman's understanding of the sorrows of her sisters. Here, for example, are her entries on the death of Col. Francis Bartow in the First Battle of Manassas:

July 22 [1861] Mrs. Davis came in so softly that I did not know she was here until she leaned over me and said: "A great battle has been fought. Joe Johnston led the right wing, and Beauregard the left wing of the army. Your husband is all right. Wade Hampton is wounded. Colonel Johnston of the Legion killed; so are Colonel Bee and Colonel Bartow. Kirby Smith is wounded or killed."

I had no breath to speak; she went on in that desperate calm way, to which people betake themselves under the greatest excitement: "Bartow, rallying his men, leading them into the hottest of the fight, died gallantly at the head of his regiment. The President tells me only that 'it is a great victory.' General Cooper has all the other telegrams."

Still I said nothing; I was stunned; then I was so grateful. Those nearest and dearest to me were safe still. She then began, in the same concentrated

voice, to read from a paper she held in her hand: "Dead and dying cover the field. Sherman's battery taken. Lynchburg regiment cut to pieces. Three hundred of the [South Carolina Hampton] Legion wounded."

That got me up. Times were too wild with excitement to stay in bed. We went into Mrs. Preston's room, and she made me lie down on her bed. Men, women, and children streamed in. Every living soul had a story to tell. "Complete victory," you heard everywhere. We had been such anxious wretches. The revulsion of feeling was almost too much to bear. . . .

A woman from Mrs. Bartow's country was in a fury because they had stopped her as she rushed to be the first to tell Mrs. Bartow her husband was killed, it having been decided that Mrs. Davis should tell her. Poor thing! She was found lying on her bed when Mrs. Davis knocked. "Come in," she said. When she saw it was Mrs. Davis, she sat up, ready to spring to her feet, but then there was something in Mrs. Davis's pale face that took the life out of her. She stared at Mrs. Davis, then sank back, and covered her face as she asked: "Is it bad news for me?" Mrs. Davis did not speak. "Is he killed?" Afterwards Mrs. Bartow said to me: "As soon as I saw Mrs. Davis's face I could not say one word. I knew

it all in an instant. I knew it before I wrapped my shawl about my head." . . .

[July 23] Witnessed for the first time a military funeral. As that march came wailing up, they say Mrs. Bartow fainted. The empty saddle and the led war-horse—we saw and heard it all, and now it seems we are never out of the sound of the Dead March in Saul. It comes and it comes, until I feel inclined to close my ears and scream.⁸⁸

Two more glimpses of Mrs. Bartow appear and then, in May, 1862, occurs this:

Mrs. Bartow, the widow of Colonel Bartow, who was killed at Manassas, was Miss Berrien, daughter of Judge Berrien, of Georgia. She is now in one of the departments here [in Columbia, S. C.], cutting bonds—Confederate bonds—for five hundred Confederate dollars a year, a penniless woman. Judge Carroll, her brother-in-law has been urgent with her to come and live in his home. He has a large family and she will not be an added burden to him. In spite of all he can say, she will not forego her resolution. She will be independent. She is a resolute little woman, with the softest, silkiest voice and ways, and clever to the last point.⁸⁹

It is from touches of this nature that characters take life and stand out from Mrs. Chesnut's pages. She said of herself and her sister: "We keep all our bitter words for our enemies. We are frank heathens; we hate our enemies and love our friends."⁹⁰ Of this, if it were not playful exaggeration, little appears in her diary. Those whom she did not like she dismissed with few words. About those she admired she wrote again and again. Her finest sketch is of her father-in-law, who fascinated her always. Curiously enough, the figure of her own husband, though it was strong and forceful in public life, is almost shadowy in her pages. Her qualities are oddly gallic: One has to pinch oneself to realize that she is writing of hungry Richmond and of the Anglo-Saxon South.

Mrs. Chesnut's friend, the President's Lady, never kept a diary for any length of time, if at all, but in her *Jefferson Davis . . . A Memoir by his Wife*⁹¹ she included much that was lively and autobiographical. The book was not enthusiastically welcomed in the South for reasons that went back to the early summer of 1861, when Mrs. Davis first came to the new Confederate capital. All Richmond, especially all feminine Richmond, scrutinized Varina Howell Davis with polite and perhaps with cold curi-

osity. Virginians knew, of course, of Mr. Davis' pathetic early romance, which ended speedily in the death of his bride. She had been a daughter of General, then Colonel, Zachary Taylor and hence a granddaughter of Virginia and a cousin of many F. F. V.'s. Tradition had it that she had been very lovely. As for the second Mrs. Davis—well, her grandfather on her father's side had been Governor of New Jersey and her mother's line included that of the Virginia Kempes, so there could be no question about her social standing. At the same time, echoes had come from Washington of some sharp passages at arms between her and certain other ladies. She had spoken with a candor almost cruel and again she had smiled and had been politic when there had been a dangerous gleam in her fine eyes. While naturally she would be received with the respect and attention due the wife of the idolized President, it might be well to be a little careful at first.

So reasoned Richmond women. Nor did they change their minds when first they saw her. She was somewhat above the average height and in the physical amplitude of the forties. Her face could not be accounted beautiful, but neither was it unattractive. She carried her head well and dressed her hair simply

and most gracefully. Her neck and shoulders were fine. There was nothing in her manner that could be called forbidding; and if quick friendship was discouraged, this was done with much adroitness by a calm glance and an unsmiling mouth that showed she was conscious of her position and indisposed to risk it by hasty professions.

President and Mrs. Davis thought it would be proper to hold receptions at frequent intervals and to throw them open to the public, instead of confining them to invited guests. It was felt that a general invitation might bring to the President's house gentlemanly officers and soldiers of whose presence in Richmond the Davises otherwise might not know. Besides, it was the democratic thing to do. At first, Richmond society was a bit aghast at the thought of levees open to all, but after natives learned that interesting Cabinet members, Congressmen, Senators and distinguished soldiers were to be met there, the city's best attended. By her manner at these receptions, Mrs. Davis rose swiftly to admiration and, in many cases, to affection. Like her husband, she had the same friendly greeting for every guest, regardless of station, with neither effusion nor condescension.

When Constance Cary was the brilliant Mrs. Bur-

ton Harrison and could look back through decades with all the perspective of time and all the experience of social life, she could say "the lady of the Confederate White House, while not always sparing of witty sarcasms upon those who had affronted her, could be depended upon to conduct her salon with extreme grace and conventional ease." Again, she wrote, Mrs. Davis "was decreed to be a woman of warm heart and impetuous tongue, witty and caustic, with a sensitive nature underlying all; a devoted wife and mother."⁹²

T. C. de Leon probably described Mrs. Davis with accuracy when he said: "She was politician and diplomatist in one, where necessity demanded, but . . . Varina Howell Davis preferred the straight road to the tortuous bypath. She was naturally a frank though not a blunt woman, and her bent was to kindness and charity. Sharp tongue she had, when set that way and the need came to use it; and her wide knowledge of people and things sometimes made that use dangerous to offenders. Mrs. Davis had a sense of humor painfully acute, and the unfitness of things provoked laughter with her rather than rage. That the silly tales of her sowing dissension in the Cabinet and being behind the too frequent changes in the heads of

the government are false, there seems small reason to doubt. Surely, in social matters, she moved steadily and not slowly, from at least coolness to the warm friendship of the best women of conservative Richmond and to the respect of all."⁹³

In denying, somewhat too mildly, the vicious stories that Mrs. Davis interfered in the Cabinet, Mr. de Leon might have denounced as well the whispered "secret of the White House" that Mrs. Davis confided too carelessly to a member of the President's official household affairs of war and state that he traitorously communicated to the Federals. This was the basest of slander, for which the revelations of seventy years give not the least shadow of justification or even any possible basis for unjust suspicion other than that the patriotic and sacrificial official happened to be Northern-born.

Mr. Davis did not permit "the Mistress of the Gray House" to visit often the hospitals because, as he told her, he did not think she should expose the men to the restraint that her presence might impose. In addition, Mrs. Davis was twice confined while in Richmond. The President probably felt that Mrs. Davis' physical condition and her social obligations were such that regular attendance upon the hospitals would

be injurious. Even when she was busiest, or close to motherhood, she found time to visit bereaved families and to prepare and dispense the food and clothing that generous friends of the Confederacy sent to her, to the Governor, or to others for the use of the needy.⁹⁴

By the affrighting spring of 1862, Mrs. Davis virtually had completed her conquest of Richmond society, but as the enemy drew nearer the city, there occurred an incident that dampened the enthusiasm of some natives for her. On the night of May 9, one of the regular levees was held at the Executive Mansion. Mr. Davis met his guests with his usual calm and cordiality; Mrs. Davis was as gracious as ever. Presently, through the throng, a courier made his way to the President. Mr. Davis read his dispatches without the flickering of an eyelash and resumed his duties as host. In a short time, as he passed Mrs. Davis she gave him a questioning glance. He paused and whispered, "The enemy's gunboats are ascending the river," and then he went on.

When the last of the guests departed, he told her to complete her packing for a departure originally scheduled for the 12th. The next morning she left Richmond with her children and went to Raleigh. Mrs.

Davis returned when the danger was past and reigned with favor, but again, when the end was at hand in 1865, there was grumbling that she fled the city. It would have been more courageous, Richmond women thought, had she remained as other wives did in order that all the trains might be used for troops and supplies. Later Mrs. Davis won much sympathy by her efforts to procure the President's release, but, for a fourth time, criticism was visited upon her when, following Mr. Davis's death, she went to New York to live. Her reasons were valid, but that did not win acceptance for them. Consequently, when she issued her *Memoir of Mr. Davis*, she did not have in the South as attentive an audience as she deserved. She was not an ideal historian, to be sure, and she weakened her pages by over-frequent quotation from her husband's book; but by her straightforward and cheerful narrative she won many unbiased hearts. James Ford Rhodes went on record as saying that hers was the most persuasive portrayal of the much-maligned Confederate President.⁹⁵

T. J. Jackson, needless to say, had never been subjected to such adverse criticism as was visited on President Davis. Consequently, when the widow of the commander of the Second Corps, A. N. Va., pub-

lished in 1895⁹⁶ her *Memoirs of Stonewall Jackson*, her audience was in reverent mood. In military narrative Mrs. Jackson did not supplement materially what the diligent R. L. Dabney had written thirty years previously.⁹⁷ At times she did little more than paraphrase the earlier book. Her contribution was in sharing with the South for the first time numerous letters that Jackson had written her from camp and from battlefield. Interesting letters they were. Often Jackson wrote as if he were at home on Saturday evening and, by conversation on religious topics with his wife, were preparing himself for communion on the Lord's Day. Again it was the time-pressed soldier who scrawled a few lines while the "foot-cavalry" slept uneasily and impatient staff-officers waited in the hall for orders. Twice or thrice, between meek lines of gratitude to God, his sword seemed to flash in the light of ambition. Nearly always, somewhere in the letters, there was a wistful sentence or two: He had been at the Winchester manse where he and Mrs. Jackson had spent happy evenings together in the winter of 1861-62; he was glad his victorious army was encamped near Weyer's Cave, because he remembered that once she had been there. An avowal of his love, an endearing word in the Spanish he had picked up in Mexico fif-

teen years before—and then he was deep again in his study of the map, or he was off to the front where Ashby's troopers crouched vigilantly behind the walls while their Blakely gun barked defiance. These letters did not explain the man to old soldiers who still cherished the illusion of a mysterious leader of terse commands, night marches and strange gestures. Rather, at the moment, did the letters appear to deepen the contradictions of his character.

Mrs. Jackson's experiences during the war were altogether in Virginia and in North Carolina, as were most of those that Mrs. Jefferson Davis records. Several other women who impressively wrote of the war lived on the Atlantic Seaboard and witnessed longest resistance to invasion. Fortunately for the completion of the story, there are in print some diaries and memoirs by women who resided during 1862-64 in districts occupied, if not subjugated, by the Federals.

Two of these diaries, both of deep interest, were written contemporaneously in Louisiana for some months of the war. *The Journal of Julia LeGrand*⁹⁸ was kept by a woman of thirty-two who embodied all the elements of romance that an early Victorian novelist would have desired for a heroine. On her mother's side, she was a granddaughter of Robert

Morris; her father was the son of a Frenchman of station who had come to America not long before the stirring days of the Bastille. The younger Le-Grand, educated in France, was a colonel in the American War of 1812 and later was a wealthy planter in Maryland. Attracted by the larger agricultural opportunities of the Mississippi Valley, he sold his holdings and bought an estate in Louisiana. For the period of Julia's girlhood, he lived as a grand seigneur. In the spring and autumn he entertained on his plantation; in winter, he went to New Orleans with his daughters and a retinue of servants and had a suite at The St. Charles for the season of the opera; in summer, his daughters journeyed to the Virginia springs.

Julia adorned and enjoyed this rich social life. She wore long trailing white gowns, had a great dog as an attendant, "played very beautifully upon an old harp that had a history," and was "full of romantic fancies." Besides, she had a great sorrow. Her lover, too poor to win her father's approval, had gone to Mexico to seek a fortune. Stage by stage, with ardent protestation, he had written back of his adventures. Then the letters stopped abruptly. He had advanced on horseback from the wagon-train in a wild country,

Julia subsequently ascertained, and had never returned. The supposition was that he and all his companions had been killed by the Indians. Julia LeGrand could do no more than grieve and make him the hero, under the name Guy Fontenoy, of an unpublished novel. After this tragedy came a darker: Colonel LeGrand died; his estate evaporated; Julia and her sister, Virginia, left penniless, went to New Orleans and opened a "select school for girls."⁹⁹ The two ladies were earning a very modest living in this manner when the crash of war came. Their brother Claude hurried to Virginia with the first Louisiana volunteers. The sisters perforce remained where they were, until the city fell, and then for months they were refugees in Mississippi. As the Federal advance threatened their haven, they went to Georgia and helped to nurse Johnston's sick and wounded. In the end, they moved to Texas to live with their brother, who, meantime, had lost an arm at Port Republic. Romance returned with peace: Julia LeGrand in May, 1867, married a German, Adolph Waitz, described as a "gentleman of fine abilities and attainments."

These details of Julia LeGrand's career prepare the reader for a sentimental diary, which is distinctly what Julia LeGrand's is not. Much of it was de-

stroyed. What remains covers briefly the events of December, 1861–December, 1862, and, in detail, those of January–April, 1863. It is an intelligent, direct and honest narrative of what happened in the city and in the temporary havens she subsequently reached. Occasionally there is a Byronic phrase, but page by page, the story is one of neighbors' woes, of personal hardship stoically endured, and—what is unusual in extant diaries—of hopes raised one day and dashed the next by reading the newspapers. More clearly than perhaps any other war-time writer, Julia LeGrand exhibits the dependence of those “within the enemy's lines,” on hostile papers or on the few friendly journals that reached far-off inland villages.

The second of the familiar Louisiana diaries is that of a girl of twenty, Sarah Fowler Morgan, daughter of Judge Thomas Gibbes Morgan. The judge opposed the secession of his State but, when Louisiana left the Union, he accepted her verdict as binding on him. Three of his sons entered the Confederate service, but the fourth and oldest, himself a judge in New Orleans, adhered to the Union, though he refused to fight against his own kin. Of Sarah Morgan's sisters, one was the wife of a Federal Colonel in California, and one was living at her father's home in Baton Rouge

with her five children. The remaining sister, Miriam, was Sarah's closest companion and, like her, was unmarried. Rarely was a Gulf State family so divided and even more rarely did those of differing political conviction seek more consistently to help one another. After the death of the senior Judge Morgan in November, 1861, the pro-Union Judge Morgan did his utmost to care for his mother and his sisters, and in time arranged for them to come to New Orleans if they would take the oath of allegiance to the United States. How they fared when necessity compelled them to accept the judge's offer is set forth by Sarah Morgan in her diary, under date of April 22, 1863:¹⁰⁰

When we at last entered the canal, I beheld the animal now so long unseen, the Yankee. In their dark blue uniforms, they stood around, but I thought of the dear gray coats, and even the pickets of Madisonville seemed nobler and greater men than these. Immediately a guard was placed on board, we whispering before he came, "Our dear Confederates, God bless them."

We had agreed among ourselves that come what would, we would preserve our dignity and self-respect, and do anything rather than create a

scene among such people. It is well that we agreed. So we whispered quietly among ourselves, exhorting each other to pay no attention to the remarks the Yankees made about us as we passed, and acting the martyr to perfection, until we came to Hickock's Landing. Here there was a group of twenty Yankees. Two officers came up and asked us for papers; we said we had none. In five minutes one came back, and asked if we had taken the oath. No; we had never taken any. He then took down our names. Mother was alone in the coop. He asked if there was not another. The schooner had fifteen passengers, and we had given only fourteen names. Mother then came up and gave her name, going back soon after.

While one went after our passes, others came to examine our baggage. I could not but smile as an unfortunate young man got on his knees before our trunk and respectfully handled our dirty petticoats and stockings. "You have gone through it before," he said. "Of course, the Confederates searched it."—"Indeed, they did not touch it!" I exclaimed. "They never think of doing such work."—"Miss, it is more mortifying to me than it can be to you," he answered. And I saw he was actually blushing. He did his work as delicately as possible, and when he returned the

keys, asked if we had letters. I opened my box and put them into his hand . . . Then came a bundle of papers on board carried by another, who standing in front of us, cried in a startling way, "Sarah Morgan!"—"Here" (very quietly).—"Stand up!"—"I cannot" (firmly)—"Why not?"—"Unable" (decisively). After this brief dialogue, he went on with the others until all were standing except myself, when he delivered to each a strip of paper that informed the people that Miss, or Mrs. So-and-So had taken and subscribed the oath as Citizen of the United States. I thought that was all, and rejoiced at our escape. But after another pause he uncovered his head and told us to hold up our right hands. Half-crying, I covered my face with mine and prayed breathlessly for the boys and the Confederacy, so that I heard not a word he was saying until the question, "So help you God?" struck my ear. I shuddered and prayed harder. There came an awful pause in which not a lip was moved. Each felt as though in a nightmare, until, throwing down his blank book, the officer pronounced it "All right!" Strange to say, I experienced no change. I prayed as hard as ever for the boys and our country, and felt no nasty or disagreeable feeling which would have announced the process of turning Yankee.

Then it was that mother commenced. He turned to the mouth of the diminutive cave, and asked if she was ready to take the oath. "I suppose I have to, since I belong to you," she replied. "No, madam, you are not obliged; we force no one. Can you state your objections?" "Yes, I have three sons fighting against you, and you have robbed me, beggared me!" she exclaimed, launching into a speech in which Heaven knows what she did not say; there was little she left out, from her despoiled house to her sore hand, both of which she attributed to the at first amiable man, who was rapidly losing all patience. Faint with hunger, dizzy with sleeplessness, she had wrought on her own feelings until her nerves were beyond control. She was determined to carry it out, and crying and sobbing went through with it.

I neither spoke nor moved. . . . The officer walked off angrily and sent for a guard to have mother taken before General Bowens. Once through her speech, mother yielded to the entreaties of the ladies and professed herself ready to take the oath, since she was obliged to. "Madam, I did not invite you to come," said the polite officer, who refused to administer the oath; and putting several soldiers on board, ordered them to keep all on board until one could report

to General Bowens. Mother retired to the cabin, while we still kept our seats above.

Despite her plain speech, Mrs. Morgan finally took the oath after her son the judge procured permission for her and his sisters to land in New Orleans. Sarah was relieved and miserable, glad that her mother could have some comforts, but for herself, humiliated that she had taken an oath she could not respect. Here are the reflections she entered in her diary June 21:¹⁰¹

How about that oath of allegiance? is what I frequently ask myself, and always an uneasy qualm of conscience troubles me. Guilty or not guilty of perjury? According to the law of God in the abstract, and of nations, Yes; according to my conscience, Jeff Davis, and the peculiar position I was placed in, No. Which is it? Had I had any idea that such a pledge would be exacted, would I have been willing to come? Never! The thought would have horrified me. The reality was never placed before me until we reached Bonfouca. There I was terrified at the prospect; but seeing how impossible it would be to go back, I placed all my hopes in some miracle that was to intervene to prevent such a crime, and confidently believed my ill health or something else would save me, while all the rest of the party

declared they would think it nothing, and take forty oaths a day, if necessary. A forced oath, all men agree, is not binding. The Yankees lay particular stress on this being voluntary, and insist that no one is solicited to take it except of their own free will. Yet look at the scene that followed, when mother showed herself unwilling! Think of being ordered to the Custom-House as a prisoner for saying she supposed she would have to! That's liberty! that is free will! It is entirely optional; you have only to take it quietly or go to jail. That is freedom enough, certainly! There was not even that choice left to me. I told the officer who took down my name that I was unwilling to take the oath, and asked if there was no escaping it. "None whatever" was his reply. "You have it to do, and there is no getting out of it." His rude tone frightened me into half-crying; but for all that, as he said, I had it to do. If perjury it is, which will God punish: me, who was unwilling to commit the crime, or the man who forced me to it?

Sarah Morgan had not the heart to write lengthy entries after she went to New Orleans. She was by the waters of Babylon in her own land. Finally, in January, 1865, the family received notice within a week that George and Gibbes Morgan, two of the Con-

federate sons of the house, were dead. The bitter cry of the girl is too sacred, even now, to be quoted. On May 2, 1865, when the first grief was past, she wrote:

While praying for the return of those who have fought so nobly for us, how I have dreaded their first days at home! Since the boys died, I have constantly thought of what pain it would bring to see their comrades return without them—to see families reunited, and know that ours never could be again, save in heaven. Last Saturday, the 29th of April, seven hundred and fifty paroled Louisianians from Lee's army were brought here—the sole survivors of ten regiments who left four years ago so full of hope and determination. On the 29th of April, 1861, George left New Orleans with his regiment. On the fourth anniversary of that day, they came back; but George and Gibbes have long been lying in their graves. . . .¹⁰²

There is only one entry after that: "Our Confederacy has gone with one crash—the report of the pistol fired at Lincoln."¹⁰³

Nine years later she married the brilliant Francis Warrington Dawson, an English writer who joined the Confederate army, rose to the rank of captain

and subsequently became the editor of the *Charleston News and Courier*. She never intended her diary to be printed and, in fact, wrote explicit instructions that it be burned, but on the plea of her son, Warrington Dawson, gave it to him. In 1913 he issued it under the title *A Confederate Girl's Diary*. In his introduction, Mr. Dawson remarks that a Philadelphian to whom his mother loaned a transcript of the diary returned it "with cold regrets that the temptation to rearrange it had not been resisted." The critic maintained, to quote Mr. Dawson's words, "No Southerner at that time could possibly have had opinions so just or foresight so clear as those here attributed to a young girl."¹⁰⁴ Mr. Dawson denied flatly that the diary was "rearranged." The printed text, said he, conformed in every way to the originals in his possession, except for the omission of a few matters entirely personal.

He might well have added that the "just opinions" which created doubts in the mind of the critic were not illogical in a judge's daughter who was succored by a judge-brother of tolerant mind and sympathy though of opposing politics. To those unfamiliar with the standards of letter-writing that prevailed in the South prior to the war, the smooth ease of Sarah

Morgan's style also may seem spurious. Truth is, letters in those days were for the leisured and cultured a careful exercise in composition. Young women, in particular, were taught to regard skill in letter-writing as a social accomplishment. Sarah Morgan wrote her diary precisely as she would have prepared a series of letters. She was exceptional, yes; but she was not, in any sense, suspiciously unique.

No stylistic puzzle is presented by Mrs. Hannah Lide Coker's *Story of the Confederate War*, which was printed in a small edition for the family and never was circulated outside. It is one of the simplest but most inspiring of all books on the bloody era. Mrs. Coker, wife of Caleb Coker of Society Hill, S. C., gave three sons to the Confederacy: James, a captain in the Sixth South Carolina Volunteers, William of the Eighth, also a captain, and Charles, ordnance sergeant of the same regiment. Charles was killed at Malvern Hill; William was wounded and captured at Gettysburg. Then, on the morning of October 30, 1863, came word that James had been hit at Lookout Mountain on October 28. A minie ball had shattered the bone of his right thigh, an inch and a half below the hip joint. He asked that his mother, his wife and the family physician come to him, but his wife, née

Susan Short, was within three weeks of confinement. The senior Mrs. Coker and the physician set out at once, while all Society Hill lamented. James Lide Coker had been at Harvard under Agassiz and Asa Gray and already had organized at Hartsville an agricultural society to advance scientific methods. South Carolina had no more promising young planter than this infantry captain of twenty-six.

Mrs. Coker's *Story* is that of her journey to the front and of her nursing of her boy who, within a short time, was left on his back, splinted from foot to shoulder, within the Federal lines. There is not a suggestion in her narrative that she felt she was doing anything unusual, and certainly nothing heroic. All her emphasis is on the cheerfulness of her son, on the fidelity of the sergeant who voluntarily remained to attend him, and on the manner in which, whenever food or money gave out, aid somehow came. She records gratefully that among the many Federal officers whom she met during nearly nine months, in Tennessee, at Louisville, on the long journey to Baltimore and thence to Fort Monroe, only two were rude to her. Most of them were sympathetic and helpful. While these glimpses of the Federal treatment of a captured officer are creditable to the Army,

and especially to the medical corps, the reader, whose eyes soon will be dimmed as he turns the pages, will conclude that Hannah Lide Coker possessed superb tact and fortitude. Well was she recompensed for her service! Major James Lide Coker recovered, became one of the greatest industrialists of the South, founded Coker College, brought new hope to agriculture in the Carolinas, lived to be eighty-one, and begot great sons. One of them, the brilliant David R. Coker, probably advanced plant-breeding more than did any man who ever lived in the South.

Of a dozen other interesting books by Confederate women, none excels that of Mrs. Cornelia McDonald, *A Diary with Reminiscences of the War and Refugee Life*.¹⁰⁵ During her residence in Winchester, the second wife of Col. Angus McDonald kept a regular diary from March, 1862, to August, 1863. This was supplemented by a narrative she put together in 1875. The whole is one of the most thrilling of the war books, and, had it been published for general circulation, it would have made a sensation. From her photographs, Mrs. McDonald must have been a woman of great dignity of person. She possessed high intelligence and unshakable moral courage, as every page of her diary shows, but she could not endure the sight of

acute physical pain. About as much of the misery of war as ever comes within the vision of one woman is to be read in her account of the battle of Kernstown, March 23, 1862.

She was at home with a young baby; her husband and his elder sons by his first marriage were away with their regiments; only the younger of her step-sons had been in Winchester that day, and they had gone out to witness the battle. Long and anxiously she waited for the lads in the chill of the evening. Now hear her:

About nine o'clock they came in, very grave and sad looking. Indeed they seemed not like the same boys, so sad and unnatural was their expression. . . . All the careless happiness had gone from the faces and manner of the boys, and though there was no sign of fright or of excitement, they were very grave and sorrowful; disappointed, too, as we had lost the battle, and they had been compelled to see the Southern troops sullenly withdraw after the bloody struggle. . . . They told of the prolonged fight behind the stone wall, of the repeated onset of our men, and the rolling back of the blue columns, as regiment after regiment was repulsed by the Confederates, till at last, outnumbered and borne back, they had retired from the field, leaving

behind the dead and dying, and even their wounded. When the boys told of the retreat their anger and mortification found relief in tears, but they were tears of pity when they told of the wounded. They remained for a while to give water to some, and would have gladly done more, but were hurried away by the sentinels. "I was mortified all the time," said Allan, "because we had to stay on the Yankee side."¹⁰⁶

The next day Mrs. McDonald went into Winchester to aid in caring for the wounded. She wrote: "I wanted to be useful, and tried my best, but at the sight of one face that the surgeon uncovered, telling me that it must be washed, I thought I should faint. It was that of a Captain Jones of a Tennessee regiment. A ball had struck him on the side of the face, taking away both eyes and the bridge of his nose. It was a frightful spectacle. I stood as the surgeon explained how, and why he might be saved, and the poor fellow not aware of the awful sight his eyeless face was, with the fearful wound still fresh and bleeding, joined in the talk, and, raising his hand put his finger on his left temple and said, 'Ah! if they had only struck me there, I should have troubled no one.' The surgeon asked me if I would wash his wound. I tried to say yes, but the thought of it made me so

faint that I could only stagger towards the door. As I passed, my dress brushed against a pile of amputated limbs heaped up near the door."¹⁰⁷

That is what war means to women—that and the dark colors of such a tragedy as is described with wisdom and literary grace in Eliza Frances Andrews's *The War-time Journal of a Georgia Girl, 1864-1865*. This part of the diary begins with the flight of Eliza and her sister Metta before Sherman's Army in December, 1864, and it ends Aug. 29, 1865, when the passionate resentments of reconstruction were rising at the same time that youth was adjusting its life to poverty and its love to the vain challenge of adversity. Eliza, born in 1840, had three brothers in the Confederate Army, but her father, Judge Garnett Andrews, was an unyielding "Union man" who "believed that in saving her to the Union they were saving her to herself." In its portrayal of this sort of political conflict between parent and children, Eliza Andrews's book is almost unique among those of the Confederate era in the Gulf States. It is thrilling, besides, and finely amusing and has a contented postscript. The author, who never married, became Professor of Botany at her Alma Mater, Wesleyan College, Macon, and lived to say, "our tale of disaster is the prelude to a triumph in which one may justly glory without being accused of vainglory. It is good to feel that you belong to a people you have a right to be proud of. . . ."

CHAPTER VII

THE LATER FOREIGN VIEW

FIELD MARSHAL VON MOLTKE's sneering reference to the American War Between the States as the "conflict of armed mobs" did not dampen Heros von Borcke's admiration for the South.¹⁰⁸ Neither did that remark chill the Confederate sympathies of another German officer who had observed Lee's operations. Captain Justus Scheibert had been with Lee at Chancellorsville, on a mission from the Prussian army, and had ridden with Jackson in the famous attack on the right flank of Hooker. The next day he had rejoined Lee and had been standing by his side when a Federal bullet had cut the sod at their feet. Lee had taken it up and smilingly had presented it to the delighted Scheibert.¹⁰⁹ A month later, Scheibert had seen Pickett and Pettigrew wreck themselves in the final charge at Gettysburg. Soon thereafter, Scheibert had returned home. During 1868, in the first leisure he enjoyed after the War with Austria, he issued his *Sieben*

Monate in den Rebellen Staaten, and this he followed in 1874 with *Der Bürgerkrieg in Nord Amerika*. This second work was translated into French and into English and was read with the liveliest interest. It was essentially a review of military methods and organization, and has been a reference work ever since, because it set forth for German soldiers those facts which American soldiers mistakenly assumed that every one knew. The book was the more welcome because it followed closely and acted as an antidote for the *History of the Civil War in America* by Comte de Paris, an avowed sympathizer with the North.

Captain Scheibert, though badly wounded at Wörth, continued to study the history of the Confederate campaigns. After the Southern Historical Society began the publication of its *Papers*, he translated many of the articles into German for the use of his German comrades, and he felt in time that he convinced many of them the Confederate generalship was of the highest order. "I am proud to say," he wrote in October, 1881, "that the combined efforts of Heros von Borcke and myself have brought it about that in the German-Prussian army nothing concerning the civil war in America is so in fashion as

accounts of the deeds of Southrons." He added, as a Confederate might: "Sherman and Grant, the pets of ten years ago, are forgotten, and Lee, Jackson and Stuart are now the favorite heroes of our officers."¹¹⁰ At length, in 1893, Scheibert and von Borcke published *Die grosse Reiterschlacht bei Brandy Station*.¹¹¹ With its elaborate maps and its careful tactical explanations, this is today the best account of the greatest cavalry battle ever fought in the Western world. Von Borcke added a unique item of Confederate literature in *Ein Reis von Altem Stamm*, a romantic and reminiscent revision of his *Memoirs*.¹¹² This has never been printed in English, but it had its readers in the South and it gave to von Borcke's admirers in Germany the most intimate picture ever painted for them of the campaigns of 1862-63 in Virginia.

What von Borcke and Scheibert did to familiarize Germany with the cause of the Confederacy, Lyon-Fremantle and Garnet Wolseley did in England. Wolseley was a lieutenant colonel, twenty-nine years of age, when he visited Virginia in 1862 during a tour of duty in Canada. He had fought in the Crimean War, had seen some of the worst of the Indian Mutiny and had enough experience to know a soldier when he saw one. Brief as was his stay with the Army of

Northern Virginia, it was never forgotten in his long, adventurous life. Twenty years later, when Wolseley had become one of the most famous commanders of his day, he wrote a Southern woman who sent him some autographs of Confederate soldiers: "I have only known two heroes in my life, and Gen. R. E. Lee is one of them, so you can well understand how I value one of his letters. I believe that when time has calmed down the angry passions of the 'North,' General Lee will be accepted in the United States as the greatest general you have ever had, and as a patriot second only to Washington."¹¹³ Wolseley's little sketch of General Lee, published originally as a review of A. L. Long's *Memoirs* of the general, is a classic of Confederate literature. One passage is often quoted:

General Lee's presence commanded respect, even from strangers, by a calm, self-possessed dignity, the like of which I have never seen in other men. Naturally of strong passions, he kept them under perfect control by that iron and determined will, of which his expression and his face gave evidence. As this tall, handsome soldier stood before his countrymen, he was the picture of the ideal patriot, unconscious and self-possessed in his strength: he indulged in no theatrical

display of feeling: there was in his face and about him that placid resolve which bespoke great confidence in self, and which in his case—one knows not how—quickly communicated its magnetic influence to others.¹¹⁴

In 1889, Lord Wolseley found time to write for the *North American Review*¹¹⁵ seven articles that were at once a review of *Battles and Leaders* and a critique of many aspects, civil and military, of the War between the States. His viewpoint was essentially that of the professional student of war, candid and questioning, but his chief interest manifestly was in the Southern leaders. An excellent analysis of Shiloh he presented, one of the best even now; and on Jackson's Valley Campaign of 1862 he elaborated with something of the absorbed attention English soldiers so often in later years displayed. Lee's generalship he applauded, though he found fault with Confederate tactics after the repulse of the Federal attack at Fredericksburg. For failure at Gettysburg, he blamed primarily Longstreet. Some of his comments on President Davis were unfavorable. Often he paid tribute to an army which, though inferior in every element of equipment and supply, beat off the Northern forces until overwhelmed; but he had a profound admira-

tion for President Lincoln and he was in no sense a partisan. "Who," he asked in his final sentence, "can say which to admire the more—the Southern pluck and daring, or the stern, sober determination which eventually led the North to victory?"¹¹⁶

A final service Lord Wolseley rendered the South. In 1886, he had chanced upon a little book styled *The Campaign of Fredericksburg*. It was anonymous, though evidently by a British soldier, and it was so admirably done that Wolseley took pains to discover the author. He proved to be Capt. and Bvt. Maj. George Francis Robert Henderson, who had served with credit in Egypt and had transferred to the Ordnance Store Department. It developed that while with his command in Bermuda and Nova Scotia, in 1883–84, Henderson had visited the Virginia battlefields and, in writing of Fredericksburg, had based his conclusions on a thorough examination of the ground. Wolseley was so much impressed by Henderson that he had the major assigned in 1890 to Sandhurst as an instructor in military topography. A brilliant book on the battle of Spicheren, published in 1891, led to Henderson's rapid advancement. Before the end of 1892, he was made Professor of Military Art and History at the Staff College. He was then not quite

thirty-eight, but well read and possessed of the high aptitude for presenting military operations as a living problem, not as a dead historical exercise. Ere long he began a full-length military biography of Stonewall Jackson, which he issued in 1898.¹¹⁷ Because he had been in long and detailed correspondence with Confederate officers, who had formed a lofty opinion of his judgment, the book was awaited with impatient eagerness. Almost immediately it was acclaimed the greatest of all works on the Confederacy. For a Southerner to confess, after 1900, that he had not read Henderson was for him to put himself under suspicion of treason to his inheritance.

Henderson wrote before the rediscovery of Lee's confidential dispatches to Davis and, apparently, he did not make use of Vol. LI of the *Official Records*, which appeared in January, 1898, and contained some important correspondence that had been found after the earlier volumes had been printed. The British biographer of Jackson lacked, also, an intimate knowledge of the various contributors to *Battles and Leaders* and, for that reason, credited too readily some who did not have among their comrades a reputation for accuracy. In other respects, Henderson had all the necessary published works at his command and he

had, in addition, everything that could be remembered or found through diligent search by Maj. Jed Hotchkiss, Doctor Hunter McGuire and Reverend Doctor James Power Smith, three of Jackson's staff-officers. Even Reverend Doctor Dabney, though blind and past seventy-five, dictated for Henderson long memoranda on disputed points. Never was a biographer better served than by these men. In particular, Major Hotchkiss must have put aside his own work for months in order to procure for Henderson everything in existence that the major desired.

For these reasons, the defects that appear in Henderson's great book, though undeniable, are not serious. Perhaps the most manifest of his failings is in his lack of grasp of the terrain of the Seven Days' Battles around Richmond. Front Royal he studied and glowingly described; Port Republic he probably visited, even if, in retrospect, he magnified distances and splendors; but White Oak Swamp! One feels that if Henderson saw at all the scene of Jackson's long delay on June 30, 1862, he could not have beaten his way to Brackett's Ford, or even have gone to Hampton's crossing below the broken bridge. The Hotchkiss papers probably explain the vagueness of Henderson's description of that critical terrain. When

the Britisher wanted information about ground he had not seen, he always called on Hotchkiss. The old engineer would take out his maps, or draw on his precise memory, or go once more to the exact spot, and then he would describe it for Henderson. From an examination of Major Hotchkiss' diary it is manifest that he had not been with Jackson during the campaign of June, 1862, around Richmond. "Stonewall," knowing Hotchkiss' genius for quick topographical work, had sent him back to the Shenandoah Valley to make a general map of that area. Henderson consequently had been inexact because he had been without Hotchkiss' guidance on White Oak Swamp.

It has to be admitted, also, that Jackson's brilliant military biographer sometimes handled summarily important but complex historical questions. He did not, for example, face squarely the contradictions offered in the various accounts of the slow march from Cedarville to Middletown on May 24, 1862, nor did he explain fully the reasons for Jackson's poor progress on June 24-25, en route to the Chickahominy. A hostile critic might even say that Henderson slid over his difficulties by covering them with high words. No excuse for this exists other than that he was pressed for time. Hotchkiss procured for him the needful

information: Henderson did not use more than half of it.

A third defect, which has impaired somewhat the historical reputation of Henderson in recent years, was his refusal to admit that Jackson made any mistakes of strategical judgment or of tactics. In his eyes, the fact that Jackson did a certain thing was proof that it was correct. Henderson did not analyze debatable actions; he justified them. Occasionally, too, he presented certain decisions as if they were inspired. A case in point was "Stonewall's" choice of position after the Battle of Kernstown. "Old Jack," retreating slowly before a superior Federal army under Gen. N. P. Banks, finally encamped at Conrad's Store, which, as events proved, was the ideal point strategically for the discharge of his mission. One almost gets the impression, from reading Henderson, that Jackson surveyed the map and by superior, abstract reasoning, perceived instantaneously that Conrad's Store was the place whence he could operate to discourage Banks's advance on Staunton and, at the same time, be ready to move east of the Blue Ridge were he ordered to do so. A young student of strategy, confronted with such an example of perfect choice of position, would be apt to tell himself that he never could hope to attain

that standard of leadership. Actually, Jackson came slowly and stumblingly to the selection of Conrad's Store. At the outset, he confused Fishers Gap with Swift Run Gap. He was not sure whether he should concentrate at Luray or higher up the valley; to Ewell he sent a succession of contradictory orders. Then, as he studied his problem, he gradually clarified it, eliminated impracticable moves and came to the unqualified conclusion that Conrad's Store was the place. Henderson would not have it so. Had he worked out the evolution of the defensive plan through the confusing exchange of letters between Ewell and Jackson, he would, at the least, have shown the young student of war how frequently success depends on wrestling with a problem day after day, as Jackson did, until the correct answer is, so to speak, squeezed from it.

Against these three defects of Henderson—uncertainty regarding some terrain, a disposition to dodge entangled questions, and a refusal to admit Jackson's occasional errors—are to be written down notable credits. His style, rich in color, carries the reader on and on unwearied, without leaving the impression of deliberate "fine writing." Better perhaps than any foreign critic of the war—better, indeed, than many

natives—Henderson understood the subtle military values that gave the North a crushing superiority over the South. His judgment of Jackson's comrades-in-arms was singularly just, though he does not seem to have made particular effort to know Jackson's divisional and brigade commanders as individuals. No author, before or after Henderson, succeeded so well in capturing in print the spirit of the Army of Northern Virginia. All in all, his still may be described, after forty years, as in its combined excellences, the best single book written from the Southern side, and one of the greatest of all military biographies.

The reception of *Stonewall Jackson* by old Confederates was, needless to say, enraptured. Nothing save their own association with Lee or with "Old Jack" himself ever gave them as great pride as to know that a distinguished British soldier had written so magnificent a biography and had placed the hero of the Valley Campaign and of Chancellorsville among the ablest commanders of the ages. Had Henderson ever come to the South, after the publication of his book, he would have been accorded a welcome rivaling Lafayette's. An additional reason for sustained pride in Henderson and his book was the knowledge that Jackson's campaigns were studied by successive

classes at Sandhurst, and that the Confederate was held by many British soldiers in reverent esteem. When news came in March, 1903, that Henderson had died of overexertion in the Boer War and in the subsequent preparation of a history of that struggle, the South mourned. It had hoped that he would write a *Lee* to rival his *Jackson*.

Of the influence of Henderson's book on the military thought of the British leaders during the World War, this is not the place to speak, nor does a subject so familiar call for lengthy review. In time, British study swung away from Jackson to Grant and to Sherman. Since the appearance of Maj. Gen. Sir Frederick Maurice's *Robert E. Lee the Soldier*¹¹⁸ there has been a revival of interest in "Marse Robert." French soldiers, in the main, have not studied the American War between the States with particular care. Their German opponents have. In the last years of the life of Field Marshal von Hindenburg, he received one day among his callers Gen. Lt. Friedrich von Boetticher, a brilliant soldier who had come to pay his respects before leaving for his new post as Military Attaché of the German Embassy in Washington. General von Boetticher was cautioned by a secretary that he must not take more than ten minutes of von

Hindenburg's time, because the President was excessively busy that day; but no sooner had the general stated the reason for his coming than the old field marshal began to describe the American campaigns. For more than an hour he talked and, in saying farewell repeated—"That is the war for us to study."

CHAPTER VIII

THE GLAMOUR GATHERS

HENDERSON'S *Stonewall Jackson* appeared at a time when the virtual completion of the *Official Records* had aroused wider interest in Confederate history and had supplied a foundation for several excellent books. In 1893, Doctor William M. Polk faithfully had told in two volumes the story of *Leonidas Polk: Bishop and General*,¹¹⁹ a work much needed because it dealt with men and operations concerning which, even now, acceptable studies are few. Although some of the personalities developed in the Army of Tennessee are fascinating and the military lessons to be learned from its operations are full of interest, that Confederate host never has been studied as fully as the Army of Northern Virginia has been. After the *Polk*, which cleared many a dark passage, there came, in 1894, a new life of R. E. Lee by his nephew Fitz Lee of the cavalry corps. Despite haste and aggravating errors, it had value. Its author indirectly was complimented by the general observation that the South would have

been better pleased had the beloved Fitz written his own memoirs.¹²⁰ A more accurate, though not a thrilling, biography of Gen. R. E. Lee appeared in 1897 from the able pen of Henry Alexander White, Professor of History at Washington and Lee. It is styled *Robert E. Lee and the Southern Confederacy*.¹²¹

The Gettysburg controversy was revived in 1896 with much bitterness by the appearance of Gen. James Longstreet's *From Manassas to Appomattox*,¹²² but it was relieved that same year when "Old Pete" came to the General Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans in Richmond. Apparently General Longstreet had expected some evidence of hostility because of his book and, as a stout-hearted old soldier, he had determined to face it. Instead of provoking jeers, the sight of the gray figure in the carriage revived memories of a score of gallant battles and brought from the throng a succession of "rebel yells." There were some in the crowd that day who thought they saw tears in the age-dimmed eyes of Longstreet as he received that tribute. The reunion did not end the controversy, which continued unpleasantly until most of the participants had said their last word. Then it died away, to be followed in less than a decade by a discussion of another phase of the same dispute—the

participation of Stuart's cavalry in the operations of 1863 in Pennsylvania. Here Stuart's chief protagonist was Col. John S. Mosby,¹²³ to whom, point by point, almost line by line, replied Col. T. M. R. Talcott, of General Lee's staff. After that long debate, the passing of the senior officers of the Confederacy ended most of the acrimonious discussion. Responsibility for victory or defeat in most of the great battles is now settled as far as ever it will be, except in respect to the defence of Vicksburg. Gen. John C. Pemberton awaits the vindication that some day may be his.

Even while the controversies raged, glamour was beginning to envelop the memory of the Confederates, the glamour that makes the old man's tale thrilling to the youth and thereby stirs the military ardor of the new generation until it, in turn, is disillusioned by the hellish realities of war. Lee's veterans had forgotten by 1900 the typhoid of the camps and the misery of the hospitals of '62, whence half those who were admitted on stretchers were carried out in coffins. From the eyes of survivors had faded the ghastly picture of Malvern Hill on the morning after the battle, when the wheat field and the plowed ground seemed veritably to move as the wounded crawled toward shelter and the dying were convulsed. The

graybeards who told in 1905 of the march by Thoroughfare Gap felt no longer the thirst that had made them lap water from mudholes, or the dust that had blinded and stifled. They did not see the mangled bodies in the Bloody Lane at Sharpsburg, or the corpses that had turned black in the frost of the field below Marye's Heights at Fredericksburg. Those Confederates who had survived Pickett's charge heard no more the wailing of 1863 in a thousand homes. The hunger of Vicksburg and the terror of the Bloody Angle were outlived; the waning, three-day cry of Federals between the lines at Second Cold Harbor—"Water! For God's sake, water!"—had died in the silence of the forest that had covered all. If the veterans thought of Franklin, it was of the charge, not of the repulse. When they remembered the wintry trenches of Petersburg, they rejoiced in the strength that had carried them through. Point Lookout, Johnson's Island, Elmira,—the names of these dreadful prisons recalled the day of release, not the agonizing months of captivity. It always is so for every age in every land. If it were not, the miseries that conflict has imposed on the human race would be insurance against war. Common memory would guarantee collective security.

The books on Confederate history—certainly the memoirs—written after the glamour gathered over the victories that were as costly as the defeats, make, for this reason, charming and therefore dangerous reading. Among the most entertaining of these memoirs are those of Maj. Gen. John B. Gordon, *Reminiscences of the Civil War*.¹²⁴ Gordon was what the Scotch would have called a “borderer” in the better sense of that equivocal word. He explained in his opening paragraph: “The outbreak of the war found me in the mountains of Georgia, Tennessee, and Alabama, engaged in the development of coal-mines. This does not mean that I was a citizen of three states; but it does mean that I lived so near the lines that my mines were in Georgia, my house in Alabama, and my post-office in Tennessee.”¹²⁵ He was then twenty-nine and his wife, the mother of two boys, was not quite twenty-four. Gordon enlisted a volunteer company which he styled the Mountain Rifles. The first time he mentioned that name, when asked on the streets of Atlanta to identify his command, one of the men broke in: “Mountain hell! We are no Mountain Rifles; we are Raccoon Roughts!” That designation stuck, but it was not long associated with young Gordon.

Soon Gordon was a colonel and, on the confused field of Seven Pines, displayed a leadership that marked him for promotion. To trace his career after that battle would be to recount the campaigns of the Army of Northern Virginia and, in addition, to trace the tragedy of the Valley Campaign of 1864. Before the end of the war, Gordon was acting corps commander and had the unique honor of leading to the field of surrender at Appomattox the ragged remnant of Lee's army. It so happens that besides Gordon's own moving narrative of that incident, there is in print the account written by a kindred spirit, General Joshua L. Chamberlain, head of the Maine brigade that received the capitulation.¹²⁶ If those who even now seek to keep alive the animosities of sectionalism would read both those statements, they might acquire something of the chivalrous respect that each of the commanders felt for the other.

General Gordon's wife had been Fanny Haralson, third daughter of General Hugh A. Haralson of La-Grange, Georgia. She determined in the hour of the first great decision to follow her husband's fortunes through the war. Leaving her children with General Gordon's mother, and under the immediate care of "Mammy Mary," the young wife went to Virginia

and remained as close to the front as military regulations would permit. No woman was better known throughout Lee's Army or more admired. After the battle of Sharpsburg, where Gordon was four times wounded in the homeric defence of the Bloody Lane, Mrs. Gordon rushed to him. Gordon's description of her arrival must be quoted:

The doctors were doubtful about the propriety of admitting her to my room; but I told them to let her come. I was more apprehensive of the effect of the meeting on her nerves than upon mine. My face was black and shapeless—so swollen that one eye was entirely hidden and the other nearly so. My right leg and left arm and shoulder were bandaged and propped with pillows. I knew she would be greatly shocked. As she reached the door and looked, I saw at once that I must reassure her. Summoning all my strength, I said, "Here's your handsome (?) husband; been to an Irish wedding." Her answer was a suppressed scream, whether of anguish or relief at finding me able to speak, I do not know. Thenceforward, for the period in which my life hung in the balance, she sat at my bedside, trying to supply concentrated nourishment to sustain me against the constant drainage. With my jaw immovably set, this was exceedingly difficult and discouraging. My own

confidence in ultimate recovery, however, was never shaken until erysipelas, that deadly foe of the wounded, attacked my left arm. The doctors told Mrs. Gordon to paint my arm above the wound three or four times a day. She obeyed the doctors by painting it, I think, three or four hundred times a day. Under God's providence, I owe my life to her incessant watchfulness night and day and to her tender nursing through weary weeks and anxious months.¹²⁷

The objective tone of this paragraph reflects something more than Gordon's courage and his admiration of his wife. His memory of his pain had vanished; only the pleasant aspect of his long invalidism remained. The same spirit pervades all his reminiscences. Historically they are not free from the tricks that time plays on even so honest an intellect as his; but in the character they reveal and in the absolute freedom from rancor they display, these sketches of Gordon's military experiences remain among the best-loved stories of the South. No less was he beloved. As senator, governor, again senator and Commander-in-Chief of the United Confederate Veterans, he finished in peace a life consistently gallant. If the materials exist, some one should add to his

memoirs at least a sketch of the brave woman but for whom the end of John B. Gordon would have been a regretful sentence or two of praise in a formal battle report and this single line on the casualty list—*Mortally Wounded, September 17, 1862.*

Somewhat in the same spirit of Gordon's book, though occasionally sharp in criticism, were Gen. G. Moxley Sorrel's *Recollections of a Confederate Staff Officer*.¹²⁸ The author was a Georgian, whose paternal grandfather, a retired French colonel of Engineers, was living in Santo Domingo when the black insurrection began. His son, Francis Sorrel, father of Moxley, escaped to Maryland, after the colonel had made his way to Louisiana. Francis Sorrel married in Westmoreland County, Virginia, and later moved to Georgia. Moxley enlisted as private early in 1861 and soon won a place on the staff of Longstreet. As assistant adjutant general and one of "Old Pete's" most trusted aides, Sorrel remained with the Second Corps until promoted brigadier general and assigned to the Third Corps in November, 1864. His French ancestry colored Sorrel's attitude toward war, at least in his later years. It was beastly business in his eyes, but fascinating and a means of meeting interesting people. Writing in an easy style,

second only to that of "Dick" Taylor, he produced a most readable volume, which always has deserved a larger circulation than it has enjoyed. Again like Taylor, General Sorrel was warm in his admiration and occasionally blunt in criticism. He did D. H. Hill and "Shanks" Evans far less than justice, but in a measure he atoned for this by a hundred touches of humor and revealing strokes of swift characterization.

Dear among Sorrel's friends was Brig. Gen. E. Porter Alexander, Chief of Artillery of Longstreet's Corps and certainly one of the ablest of the younger officers of the Confederate Army. Had he been in command of the guns of the entire Army of Northern Virginia, he probably would have given the Confederate batteries a better chance in combat with those directed from the opposite hills by Henry J. Hunt. During a distinguished professional career after the war, General Alexander wrote numerous articles on the war and at one time projected a history of his old corps, but as he grew older he became interested in the larger strategy of the war. In 1907, when he was 72, he published his *Military Memoirs of a Confederate*,¹²⁹ which combined his own experiences with a critique of operations in Virginia and of Longstreet's unhappy Tennessee campaign. At the time,

the book caused mutterings because General Alexander was thought by some veterans to have been unduly critical of General Lee. With the years, Alexander's study has grown in the esteem of military historians until now it is one of the most frequently quoted of Confederate authorities. It is a candid and withal a generous book. Especially is General Alexander restrained in his criticism of the artillery command of the Army of Northern Virginia. Much that he could have said for the instruction of soldiers and to the enlightenment of students, he felt it improper to put in print. He did not pretend to literary style, but he gave this excellent description of the opening of the battle of Fredericksburg:

The city, except its steeples, was still veiled in the mist which had settled in the valleys. Above it and in it incessantly showed the round white clouds of bursting shells, and out of its midst there soon rose three or four columns of dense black smoke from houses set on fire by the explosions. The atmosphere was so perfectly calm and still that the smoke rose vertically in great pillars for several hundred feet before spreading outward in black sheets. The opposite bank of the river, for two miles to the right and left, was crowned at frequent intervals with

blazing batteries, canopied in clouds of white smoke.

Beyond these, the dark blue masses of over 100,000 infantry in compact columns, and numberless parks of white-topped wagons and ambulances massed in orderly ranks, all awaited the completion of bridges. The earth shook with the thunder of the guns, and, high above all, a thousand feet in the air, hung two immense balloons. The scene gave impressive ideas of the disciplined power of a great army, and of the vast resources of the nation which had sent it forth.¹³⁰

Alexander's, Sorrel's and Gordon's are only three of a considerable number of memoirs written by General Staff Officers, but the aggregate of such works is small in comparison with the multitude of books, large and small, published during the glamorous period of Confederate historiography by officers of less eminence and by men in the ranks. Libraries reckon these books by the hundred, under the broad classification of "Personal Narratives." As a writer goes over pile after pile of them, he asks why some of them were ever written and, when he comes upon unexpected treasure, he wonders why it was not more widely read. To select a few of these for mention is,

of course, more a matter of taste than judgment; but certainly among the first dozen of the most interesting of all these narratives is Maj. Robert Stiles' *Four Years under Marse Robert*.¹³¹ The author was the oldest son of Reverend Joseph C. Stiles, Georgian born and reared, who had been one of the outstanding Southern Presbyterians in Northern pastorates. Robert Stiles had been taken to New York by his parents when he was twelve, and had been graduated from Yale in 1859. Most of his immediate friends were for this reason in the East, but when war became imminent the family returned South. Doctor Stiles served as one of the most conspicuous of the many clergymen who ministered to the army; the son chose the red badge and in time rose to the rank of major in command of a battalion of heavy artillery. By reason of his station and his innate love of men, he made many army acquaintances, humble and exalted. He had, besides, high powers of observation, a great memory for anecdote and that saving gift of humor. His *Four Years* shines with all these qualities and is a storehouse from which many a writer gratefully has drawn. The flavor of the book can be had from this sketch of "Extra Billy" Smith, who commanded

a brigade in the Second Corps and later served as a war governor of Virginia:

As a soldier [Smith] was equally distinguished for personal intrepidity and contempt for what he called "tactics" and for educated and trained soldiers, whom he was wont to speak of as "those West P'int fellows." It is said he used to drill his regiment at Manassas, sitting crossed legged on the top of an old Virginia snake fence, with a blue cotton umbrella over his head and reading the orders from a book. On one occasion he was roused by the laughing outcry, "Colonel, you've run us bang up against the fence!" "Well, then, boys," said the old Governor, looking up and nothing daunted, "well, then, of course you'll have to turn around or climb the fence." In '62 this story was current about him—though I do not vouch for the truth either of this or of that just related—that he was ordered to carry a work and to take his command through the abattis in front of it, reserving their fire. The regiment started in, the old Governor riding in advance. The abattis swarmed with sharpshooters and his men were falling all about him, but they followed on heroically. At last they appealed to him, "Colonel, we can't stand this, these Yankees will

kill us all before we get in a shot." It was all the old hero wanted and he blazed forth. "Of course you can't stand it, boys; it's all this infernal tactics and West P'int tomfoolery. Damn it, fire! and flush the game!" And they did, and drove out the sharpshooters and carried the work.¹³²

Where Major Stiles was not sure of his facts, he usually entered a caveat, as in these anecdotes; but there was at least one author of a personal narrative who seems to have been blessed with a memory that lost little and confused nothing. This was John H. Lewis, a second lieutenant of the Ninth Virginia Infantry, Pickett's division. Lewis was in the charge of the third day at Gettysburg and, forty-two years afterwards, described it in his memoirs. Apparently he wrote from memory alone, for he cited no sources, but so far as other records can be employed to check him, he did not make a single mistake in his narrative. It is well-nigh incredible that a man should have endured the maddening strain of that wild hour and could have maintained so much of detachment that he apparently saw everything on the front of his brigade.¹³³

To sharpen the contrast between books of this type and the works of research, one may turn back

to the fine and early study of Jackson's Valley Campaign of 1862, by Lt. Col. William Allan.¹³⁴ The author, born in Winchester, Virginia, in 1837, was a mathematical student of high promise at the State University in 1861, but, of course, he volunteered promptly and entered the ordnance service. Jackson soon discovered his worth, as in so many instances of talent, and in a few months he made him Chief of Ordnance of the Second Corps. In that capacity, Allan served with distinction to the end. In 1866, Colonel Allan joined Maj. Jed Hotchkiss in writing an excellent little book on Chancellorsville.¹³⁵ It was designed to be the first of a projected series on "The Battle-fields of Virginia"; but the times were not propitious for historical work of the quality the two men were determined to do. Hotchkiss turned again to engineering; Allan had the honor of teaching mathematics at Washington College during the presidency of General Lee. Thence, in 1873, Colonel Allan moved to Baltimore to become principal of the McDonough Institute, a school for boys; and there, by the diligent conservation of his hours, found time to issue in 1880 his review of Jackson's great operations and a decade later to write *The Army of Northern Virginia in 1862*.¹³⁶ Works of sound

scholarship, both were well documented. Since Allan's day, his *Valley Campaign* has served many students of war.¹³⁷ With its good maps by the indefatigable Hotchkiss, this book raised the level of historical writing on the Confederacy.

Scarcely less notable, though in different vein, were two books by Doctor John W. Allan Wyeth, a renowned New York surgeon who, as a lad, had belonged to the Fourth Alabama Cavalry that previously had served under Nathan Bedford Forrest. Young Wyeth, as photographed in his uniform of 1861, might have served as a model of the most intelligent and daring type of Confederate soldier, which indeed he was. For thirty years after the war, through all the honors of a notable professional career, Doctor Wyeth kept fresh his memory of the amazing cavalry leader of the West, and, in 1899, he published his *Life of General Nathan Bedford Forrest*.¹³⁸ It was a book much needed, because there was at that time no biography of Forrest except one by Gen. Thomas Jordan and J. B. Pryor.³¹⁹ This was issued in 1868 and, fortunately, seen in manuscript and revised by Forrest himself. Doctor Wyeth did his work admirably. In the age of glamour, he wrote with honest realism. This

statement in his preface might well have been heeded by some of Doctor Wyeth's contemporaries:

"It has been suggested that certain portions of this book which bear testimony to Forrest's harshness and violent temper should not be made public, as they might detract from his reputation as a man; but it has been my endeavor to paint him exactly as he lived, so that posterity may form its own opinion of him from the evidence. To my mind it would be as inexcusable to hide any of his shortcomings as it would be to permit the assailants of his reputation to go unchallenged. He had his weaknesses, and was not an angel by any means, but he was very far from being a man who did not have a high sense of right and justice. Personally, nothing would please me more than to leave out of my book everything which could possibly awaken an unpleasant memory or cause the slightest irritation, but simple justice to Forrest requires a recitation of some of these unhappy incidents."¹⁴⁰

The spirit that prompted this candid treatment of Forrest appears in Doctor Wyeth's delightful autobiography, *With Sabre and Scalpel*¹⁴¹ about a fourth of which relates to the war.

The largest work of this period was the *Confederate Military History*, a "subscription set" of twelve volumes and a supplement, issued in 1899.¹⁴² This was designed to combine a general history of the Confederacy and separate volumes on the different States. As usually happens with co-operative histories, the design was better than the execution. Jed Hotchkiss prepared the narrative of operations in Virginia and wrote a book that easily would have stood on its own merit had it been published separately; some of the other volumes contained little more than chronologies. Two virtues the *C. M. H.* possessed, though one of them often is denounced as a literary vice. Each unit of the work contained sketches of all, or virtually all, of the Confederate generals born in or "credited to" that State. In some instances, these were badly done, vague and occasionally incorrect, but others contain facts that might today be almost beyond establishment. Always the tone is laudatory and occasionally fulsome. Every brigade commander was a hero. Discounting that, any reader may get at least a broad outline of the life of each general officer. It is invaluable in the case of the less-known brigadiers. The second virtue of the series was incident to the solicitation. Each subscriber, when duly signed, was

asked to supply certain facts concerning his career. These were put together, after a fashion, and were duly published in the volume for that subscriber's State—provided a sufficient number of veterans subscribed to justify the printing. Unless he so contracted, a buyer did not receive for the other States the expanded volumes that contained the sketches, "write-ups," they were styled. The device is old and, of course, is regarded as a clumsy appeal to vanity; but in this instance it furnishes an unrivalled mine of fact, not on military or naval operations, but on what Confederate soldiers achieved after the war. Any one who will take the trouble to collect a full set of *C. M. H.*, with all the added sketches for the States, will have a cross-section of what was done, in their generation, by typical ex-Confederates who had enough money, in 1899, to pay \$48 for the set.

Bromfield L. Ridley's review of the operations of the Army of Tennessee¹⁴³ is a small work in comparison with *C. M. H.*, but it contained a handy reprint of the principal reports on the major engagements, a number of incidents culled chiefly from the *Confederate Veteran*, and an all-too-brief *Journal* kept by Ridley in 1865. The work had the benefit of criticisms and suggestions by Lt. Gen. A. P. Stewart, one of the

last surviving corps commanders of the army to which Ridley belonged.

All these books served, in a sense, as a frame for one that shone with singular charm. After the death of General Lee's widow, the family letters were arranged by her children and were kept separate from the military papers, which for a long time were in the custody of Col. Charles Marshall. Later, everything that related to military operations was transferred by Gen. Custis Lee to a committee of the Grand Camp of Confederate Veterans of Virginia. Capt. W. Gordon McCabe, one of the Camp's trustees, went over the collection and found that the contents of the letter and order books had been printed previously in the *Official Records*; but he believed that from the remainder enough new material might perhaps be gleaned to justify the publication of one small volume. Before this could be undertaken, Captain McCabe died.¹⁴⁴ The surviving trustees and others named by the Grand Camp¹⁴⁵ concluded that the value of the papers fundamentally was autographic and associational, for which reason they will be arranged in Richmond as a permanent display at the Confederate Memorial Institute.

In 1902, or thereabouts, Capt. R. E. Lee was urged

by his friends to publish General Lee's domestic letters, which had remained in the custody of the family and, except for those of ante-bellum date, had never been examined by historians. Because the Lees are traditionally a modest stock, meticulously avoiding anything that would seem even remotely to capitalize the name of the wartime leader, Captain Lee hesitated long but yielded at length to the pleas of old comrades. With the cordial help of Captain McCabe, he made many extracts from the general's wartime letters and still more from those of the years Lee spent at Lexington. That correspondence Captain Lee put together in a simple narrative, which he published in 1904 as *Recollections and Letters of General Lee*.¹⁴⁶ This delightful book appeared at a time when Jones' *Personal Reminiscences* was out of print. New biographies of Lee were being issued every year or two as if every publisher were determined to have at least one on his list, but successive authors had threshed over and over all the wheat and much of the chaff. Captain Lee's volume brought a harvest of fresh grain. To a new generation of readers, it was a first literary introduction to General Lee and it was captivating because it was unassuming. Even to older Confederates, familiar for forty years with countless

anecdotes of their old chief, it was revealing. Lee stood out from his son's pages as essentially a simple soul. Although Captain Lee compressed the antebellum career of his father into twenty-three pages and the war years into less than one hundred and thirty, the picture was perfect.

Publication of these *Recollections and Letters* may have stimulated interest in the then approaching centenary of General Lee. The book undoubtedly inspired a number of writers to undertake new biographies of the general. In 1906, Col. Walter Taylor issued in Norfolk, *General Lee: His Campaigns in Virginia, 1861-65*, a book that added substantially to the facts Colonel Taylor had presented twenty-nine years previously in his *Four Years*. Doctor J. William Jones, then an old man, published also the *Life and Letters of Robert E. Lee*,¹⁴⁷ which contained some unpublished letters written by Lee prior to 1861. Apparently Doctor Jones was too feeble to complete the whole of this work on the scale of the earlier chapter, but he rounded out by the publication a service to Confederate historiography that no other man rivalled. Doctor Jones died March 17, 1909, aged 74. Later biographers of Lee¹⁴⁸ have

drawn heavily and, it is to be hoped, gratefully on both of Doctor Jones' books.

As the South by these biographies and, still more, by its devotion to his memory, had made Lee the symbol of its cause, the observance of his centenary was, in some sense, the appeal of the Confederacy for the final judgment of posterity. Celebrations were planned for January 19, 1907, in virtually all Southern and in several Northern cities. For manifest reasons, the exercises at Washington and Lee University were regarded as the most important, and were planned with much care. As it happened, Charles Francis Adams, President of the Massachusetts Historical Society, himself a Northern veteran of the war and a grandson of John Quincy Adams, had for some years been reviewing the whole question of secession in its broad philosophical aspects. At the University of Chicago, where he had asked "Shall Cromwell have a Statue?" he had in effect made a plea for a monument to Lee in Washington. The same year he had written *Lee at Appomattox* and in 1903 he had published *Constitutional Ethics of Secession*. It occurred to President George H. Denny of Washington and Lee that an address by Adams would be a dramatic

and most effective feature of the centenary. He accordingly dispatched an invitation to the distinguished descendant of the Massachusetts Presidents. Adams in his *Autobiography* described what followed:

When I first received the invitation, I gave it scant consideration. As respects General Lee, the risk incurred by an acceptance loomed in my case large. I at once, therefore, wrote, stating that it would not be in my power to accept. Shortly after, I received another and more urgent letter from President Denny . . . begging me to reconsider my determination and expressing in warm language the desire of all concerned that I should undertake the task, and the disappointment that would be felt should I decline so to do. I then, with great reluctance, came to the conclusion that for me, with my connections with Massachusetts, and the relations Massachusetts and Virginia had from first to last borne with each other—for me, I say, to decline a second time an invitation thus emphasized, would be distinctly ungracious. I felt I had to accept, and do the best I could; and take my chances. I accordingly did so.¹⁴⁹

Preparing his address, he wrote deliberately and in the light of large research to complement the conclusions of a wise, observant life. Before a great audi-

ence, on the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Lee, he rose to speak in the chapel where Lee is buried. As became an Adams, there was no equivocation in what he said:

One of a community which then looked upon Lee as a renegade from the flag he had sworn to serve, and a traitor to the Nation which had nurtured him, in my subordinate place I directly confronted Lee throughout the larger portion of the War of Secession. During all those years there was not a day in which my heart would not have been gladdened had I heard that his also had been the fate which at Chancellorsville befell his great lieutenant; and yet more glad had it been the fortune of the command in which I served to visit that fate upon him. . . .

Coming directly to my subject, my own observation tells me that the charge still most commonly made against Lee in that section of the common country to which I belong and with which I sympathize is that, in plain language, he was false to his flag,—educated at the national academy, an officer of the United States army, he abjured his allegiance and bore arms against the government he had sworn to uphold. In other words he was a military traitor. I state the charge in the tersest language possible; and the facts are

as stated. Having done so, and admitting the facts, I add as the result of much patient study and most mature reflection, that under similar conditions I would myself have done exactly what Lee did. In fact, I do not see how I, placed as he was placed, could have done otherwise.¹⁵⁰

Without recourse to long citation or detailed dispute, Mr. Adams viewed the development of nationalism in the North and the persistence, especially in Virginia and in South Carolina, of "State pride, a sense of individuality." He applied this to a man of Lee's deep roots in the soil of the Old Dominion, and he quoted Lee's own simple explanation in 1861 of the decision that had to be made: "I had to meet the question whether I should take part against my native State; I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my home." Adams then went on:

It may have been treason to take this position; the man who took it, uttering these words and sacrificing as he sacrificed, may have been technically a renegade to his flag—if you please, false to his allegiance; but he stands awaiting sentence at the bar of history in very respectable company. Associated with him are, for instance,

William of Orange, known as The Silent, John Hampden, the original *Pater Patriae*, Oliver Cromwell, the Protector of the English Commonwealth, Sir Henry Vane, once a Governor of Massachusetts, and George Washington, a Virginian of note. In the throng of other offenders I am also gratified to observe certain of those from whom I not unproudly claim descent. They were, one and all, in the sense referred to, false to their oaths—forsworn. As to Robert E. Lee, individually, I can only repeat what I have already said,—if in all respects similarly circumstanced, I hope I should have been filial enough to have done as Lee did. Such an utterance on my part may be “traitorous”; but I am here to render that homage.¹⁵¹

Adams proceeded then to express the opinion that Lee might have been crushed at Gettysburg but that thereafter the commander and the Army, though “succumbing to exhaustion, to the end were not overthrown in fight.”¹⁵² Defeat came, the orator maintained, through the South’s delusion that cotton was king and through the refusal of anti-slavery Lancashire to accept that dictum. With a review of Lee’s consistent position after the war, Mr. Adams closed with this quotation: “Show me the man you honor;

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I know by that symptom, better than by any other, what kind of man you yourself are. For you show me then what your ideal of manhood is; what kind of man you long possibly to be, and would thank your Gods with your whole soul, for being if you could. Whom shall we consecrate and set apart as one of our sacred men? Sacred; that all men may see him, be reminded of him, and, by new example added to the old perpetual precept, be taught what is real worth in man. Whom do you wish to resemble? Whom you set on a high column, that all men looking at it, may be continually apprised of the duty you expect from them."¹⁵³

His heart-stirred audience was looking, as he spoke, past him . . . to the monument of Lee.

CHAPTER IX

YET TO BE WRITTEN

AFTER the observance of Lee's centenary, when the South presented its appeal to posterity, not more than a dozen books by prominent Confederate participants in the war appeared. Notable among them was an elaboration of General Early's *Memoir of the Last Year of the War*;¹⁵⁴ General Lee's letters to Martha Custis Williams;¹⁵⁵ the papers of Col. Charles Marshall;¹⁵⁶ the memoirs of Gen. Johnson Hagood;¹⁵⁷ a few letters of General Ewell;¹⁵⁸ the autobiography of Gen. Eppa Hunton;¹⁵⁹ and Mrs. Burton Harrison's *Recollections Grave and Gay*,¹⁶⁰ which fully deserved the title. In addition, hundreds of war letters and some recollections were printed in magazines and reviews. The great depository for letters, anecdotes and personal experiences was *The Confederate Veteran*, a monthly magazine published in Nashville, Tenn., from January, 1893, to December, 1932, and edited for the greater part of that time by a devoted ex-soldier, S. A. Cunningham. One never gets fully the

picture of the Confederacy, as seen through the glamour, until one has read many volumes of the *Veteran*. It contained, after about 1900, some exceedingly tall tales by old men whose memory had failed them; but occasionally in the files one finds the answer to an historical riddle, or an eye-witness' clear account of some incident that never had been explained.

The later works by Americans who did not participate in the war were headed, of course, by Gamaliel Bradford's *Lee the American*, a small volume that was esteemed almost as highly as Adams' centennial address.¹⁶¹ Notable also was Franklin P. Riley's *General Robert E. Lee after Appomattox*.¹⁶² Of the monographs, those by Charles W. Ramsdall,¹⁶³ by Albert B. Moore,¹⁶⁴ by Miss Ella Lonn,¹⁶⁵ and by Frank L. Owsley,¹⁶⁶ are especially distinguished for adequate research and presentation. Jennings C. Wise's *Long Arm of Lee*¹⁶⁷ is a most informative study of the artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia and contains many photographs not to be found elsewhere. Admirable in a larger field are Robert S. Henry's *Story of the Confederacy*,¹⁶⁸ J. C. Randall's *Civil War and Reconstruction*,¹⁶⁹ a superlative text, and Paul H. Buck's *The Road to Reunion, 1865-1900*.¹⁷⁰

Excellent as are all these books, inclusive as are some, much remains to be written. In the field of military biography, it is to be hoped that Eckenrode and Conrad will elaborate their interesting *James Longstreet*,¹⁷¹ that a new life of Albert Sidney Johnston will be written, and that R. M. Hughes's biography of Joseph E. Johnston will be revised, in the light of new material, under the eye of its author. Doctor Hamlin well might base on his letters of Ewell a long sketch of that generous soldier. Unfortunately, correspondence does not seem to be available for a similar study of A. P. Hill.¹⁷²

The greatest gap in Confederate military history, as indicated already, concerns the Army of Tennessee. There are biographies of several of the commanders, but there is no detailed, fully documented narrative of the operations of that splendid if luckless force. Perspective will be lost if, as heretofore, four-fifths of the research deals with the Army of Northern Virginia. A general work on the scale of *Hood's Tennessee Campaign* by Thomas R. Hay,¹⁷³ a sound and discerning analysis, is demanded. Scarcely less is the need of a comprehensive book on the Confederate service of supply. The work of the Mining and Nitre Bureau, of the Ordnance Bureau and of the Quartermaster's office

remains to be described in satisfying detail. It will involve a long research but it will be startling in its results. Similarly the operation of the blockade and the economic results of blockade-running will repay inquiry. So will a study of the Southern railroads. Still again, an investigation of the manner in which cotton-lands were diverted to food-crops will be justified. The economics of war-time farm management will be a fascinating field of research if sufficient records are in existence. They may not be.

The unwritten part of the civil history of the Confederacy lies more in the realm of social psychology than in that of politics. No pretense to adequacy is made by the few investigations thus far conducted into the development of the "war spirit" in 1859-61. That Northern laudation of John Brown should have inflamed the South is understandable, and that it did so is demonstrable; but how passion mounted through virtually the whole of 1860, and precisely what were the factors that fomented it, the historian has yet to determine. In particular, he has to ascertain the extent to which secession was agrarian and conservatism mercantilist. Political speeches prior to the national conventions, the correspondence of public men, and the range and geographical distribution of newspaper de-

mands for secession—all these should be studied. The material exists; in volume it is not beyond one man's examination. It may disclose a clinically perfect case in the psychosis of war.

Least of all has the part played by Southern women in the war been presented. They belonged to a society that emphatically upheld the principle that "woman's place is in the home"; but many did not adhere in 1861-65 to that principle. As far as may be judged from Mrs. McGuire's *Diary of a Refugee* and similar documents, most of the women who went into government offices did so from financial necessity. The number seems to have been much in excess of available clerkships. Occasionally there are glimpses of large-scale employment of women in the clothing factories and in the munition-plants. Who were these women? The daughters of the poor? Wives and widows of humble soldiers? To what extent did they release men for the field, or make possible operations that otherwise would have been beyond the man-power of the South? The answer has not been given. Nor, with the one exception of Mrs. Davis, is there an acceptable biography of any of the eminent Confederate women. A strange omission this is in Southern history! Those who did most to maintain the morale of the South

during the war, and to preserve spiritual ideals after hostilities, are those of whom least is known and least written.

Historically desirable as are these further studies, those already published on the contest of the eighteenth-sixties outline the brief of the Confederacy before the tribunal of time. Part of that brief was written in battle, part by the bedside where women prayed, part by the soldier's new grave. Some of it was penned in the helpless rage of those whom Sherman drove before him on his march to the sea. More came from public men who saw in a ruined land the refutation of their confident assurance that the bravery of a superior Southern race would win the first battles of a war of secession and that cotton-hungry England would assure independence. Still more—and the most effective part—of the brief for the Confederacy was written by those who merely told how they led their difficult lives and sought with good cheer to do their duty in a war they did not provoke and could not prevent.

What, then, is the case the South has presented to the judgment of posterity? Jefferson Davis would have said, if pressed to put it in a sentence, that it was a righteous defence against political violence of the sacred right of self-government under a constitution

that recognized the sovereignty of the States by the specific delegation of limited and enumerated grants of power to a common government. The student of war would affirm that no contest of modern times contains more lessons, now inspiring, now monitory, in strategy, in leadership, in morale and in the relations of civil and military authorities. An old veteran, if asked for his statement of the case, probably would have stated, more simply, that the Federals invaded the South for no good reason at all, and that the Confederate Army under Lee and Jackson, "licked them" till it wore itself out. Confederate women would have said that the war was defence of the home; Southern boys that it was long marches and scant food and agonizing wounds and adventure that brought out whatever was in a man. Seventy years after, when thousands of witnesses have given their testimony, what verdict does the South ask? Not, surely, that the logic of secession was so completely irrefutable that honest men could not disagree over it, nor yet that war was the only solution, or a reasonable one. The price of war was misery, anguish, social revolution, the waste of the South's best blood and two generations' deprivation of a rightful share of culture and of beauty. What, then, is the petition to the court of time?

THE SOUTH TO POSTERITY

This: That there *was* historical logic in the right of secession, though rising nationalism might challenge; that the right was maintained with conviction; that the South fought its fight gallantly and, so far as war ever permits, with fairness and decency; that it endured its hardships with fortitude; that it wrought its hard recovery through uncomplaining toil, and that it gave to the nation the inspiration of personalities, humble and exalted, who met a supreme test and did not falter. If, again, on the crowded order-book of time, this be too long an entry, then the South amends its petition. It asks the final tribunal to read again the testimony of Alexander Haskell, to consider Phœbe Pember in Chimborazo Hospital, to hear the death-bed witness Stonewall Jackson, to recall Robert Lee to the stand on his resignation from the Army, on Gettysburg and on Appomattox, and then to write across the record, *Character is Confirmed.*

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¹See D. S. Freeman, ed., *Calendar of Confederate Papers*; Richmond (Confederate Museum), 1908; p. 381.

²Louise Haskell Daly, *Alexander Cheves Haskell, The Portrait of a Man*; Norwood, Mass. (Plimpton Press), 1934. The long quotation in the text is by the gracious permission of Mrs. Daly.

³*The Battle of Fort Sumpter*; Charleston (Evans and Cogswell), 1861. *Battle of Young's Branch; or, Manassas Plains*; Richmond (Enquirer Book and Job Press), 1862.

⁴Richmond, West and Johnston; a copy is in the Confederate Museum.

⁵T. C. deLeon, *Four Years in Rebel Capitals*; Mobile (The Gossip Printing Co.), 1890; p. 295.

⁶Cf. Sec. James A. Seddon of the Confederate War Department in his annual report of Nov. 26, 1863: "Without disparagement to others, it may be safely said [Jackson] had become, in the estimation of the Confederacy, emphatically 'the hero of the war.' Around him clustered with peculiar warmth their gratitude, their affections, and their hopes." *Official Records*; series IV, v. 2, p. 994.

⁷Cooke, p. 444; New York (C. B. Richardson), edition of 1863. For the manner in which this book was pirated in the North and credited to "Daniels of Virginia," see J. O. Beaty, *John Esten Cooke, Virginian*; New York (Columbia University Press), 1922; pp. 87-90.

⁸Markinfield Addey, *The Life and Military Career of Thomas Jonathan Jackson*; New York (Charles T. Evans), 1863; pp. 7-8.

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⁹Cf. Advertisement by C. B. Richardson, publisher, 596 Broadway, in his edition of *The Life of Stonewall Jackson . . . by a Virginian*; New York, 1863.

¹⁰See *Calendar of Confederate Papers*, pp. 527-29.

¹¹Reverend Philip Slaughter, *A Sketch of the Life of Randolph Fairfax, a Private in the Ranks of The Rockbridge Artillery*; Richmond (Tyler, Allegre & McDaniel), 1864. This was the second edition.

¹²William J. Hoge, *Sketch of Dabney Carr Harrison*; Richmond (Pres. Comm. of Publication), 1863.

¹³This is covered at length in W. W. Bennett, *A Narrative of the Great Revival Which Prevailed in the Southern Armies*; Philadelphia (Claxton, Remsen & Halfelfinger), 1877; and in J. W. Jones, *Christ in the Camp*; Richmond (B. F. Johnson), 1888.

¹⁴London (Bradbury & Evans), 1863.

¹⁵Preface, p. 6, New York (John Bradburn), edition of 1864.

¹⁶Mobile (S. H. Goetzel), 1864.

¹⁷G. M. Sorrel, *Recollections of a Confederate Staff-Officer*; New York (Neale), 1905; p. 167.

¹⁸London, *Blackwood's Magazine*, 1865.

¹⁹London (Blackwood), 1866; the preface is dated Oct. 25, 1866.

²⁰See Mrs. C. C. Clay, *A Belle of the Fifties*; New York (Doubleday, Page), 1904; p. 35 and n.

²¹London (Richard Bentley), 1863.

²²Nowhere does he seem more accurately appraised than in Laura A. White, *Robert Barnwell Rhett, Father of Secession*; New York (Century), c. 1931.

²³Included in all three editions of Bagby's writings.

²⁴*The Land We Love*, Feb., 1868; p. 272, quoted by J. G. de R. Hamilton in *15 D. A. B.*, p. 48.

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²⁵New York (C. B. Richardson), 1866.

²⁶*The War and Its Heroes*; Richmond (Wade and Ayres); 1864.

²⁷These quotations are from J. L. King, Jr., *Dr. George William Bagby*; New York (Columbia University Press), 1927, a book that contains in brief compass the best sketch yet written of Confederate war-time literature.

²⁸Philadelphia (National Publishing Co.).

²⁹Baltimore (Innes).

³⁰*Cf.* T. C. Johnson, *Life and Letters of Robert Lewis Dabney*; Richmond (The Pres. Comm. of Publication), 1903; p. 198 ff.

³¹Edition of 1866, New York (Blelock).

³²J. William Jones, *Personal Reminiscences of General Robert E. Lee*; New York (Appleton), 1874; p. 180.

³³*Ibid.*, p. 221.

³⁴A letter from Lee to Doctor A. T. Bledsoe, somewhat similar in content to that addressed Mrs. Jackson, led Gamaliel Bradford to remark: "This letter, like many others, goes far to reconcile me to the loss of the memoirs Lee did not write. I feel sure that with the best intentions in the world he would have left untold a great deal that we desire to know." *Lee the American*; New York (Houghton Mifflin), 1912; p. 151.

³⁵*IO D. A. B.*, p. 182.

³⁶*I J. B. Jones*, Swiggett edition, New York (Old Hickory Bookshop), 1935; p. 29.

³⁷Philadelphia (J. B. Lippincott and Co.), 1866.

³⁸*American Mercury*, December, 1925.

³⁹Reports Virginia Bar Asso., 1914, pp. 176-215; 1915, pp. 299-315; 1917-18, pp. 288-291.

⁴⁰Edwin Mims, "Southern Magazines" in 7 *The South in*

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the Building of the Nation; Richmond (The Southern Publication Society), 1909-13; pp. 464-65.

⁴¹New York (E. B. Treat & Co.).

⁴²*Op. cit.*, p. 74.

⁴³*The Memoirs of General Turner Ashby and His Compeers*; Baltimore (Selby & Dulany), 1867.

⁴⁴*Op. cit.*, pp. 155-156.

⁴⁵New York (Carleton).

⁴⁶*Op. cit.*, 1st ed., p. 377.

⁴⁷*Cf.* J. W. Davidson, *Living Writers of the South*; New York (Carleton), 1869; p. 18.

⁴⁸Chicago (Caxton).

⁴⁹*Cf.* J. H. Reagan to Jefferson Davis, 7 Rowland, *Jefferson Davis, Constitutionalist*, Jackson, Miss (Miss. Dept. Archives and History), 1923, p. 563.

⁵⁰*Ibid.*, p. 528.

⁵¹Its full title was: *Southern Generals, Who They Are and What They Have Done*; New York (Charles B. Richardson), 1865.

⁵²This work was reissued in 1867 as *Lee and His Generals* and was credited to William Parker Snow.

⁵³*Life and Campaigns of General Robert E. Lee*; Atlanta (National Publishing Co.).

⁵⁴Styled now *The Early Life, Campaigns and Public Services of Robert E. Lee, With a Record of the Campaigns and Heroic Deeds of His Companions in Arms*; New York (E. B. Treat and Co.), 1867.

⁵⁵First edition, 1871, second printing, 1875. J. O. Beaty in his *John Esten Cooke, Virginian*, New York (Columbia University Press), 1922, notes that Cooke wrote this entire book of 500 pages between the end of October, 1870, and January 19, 1871.

⁵⁶*Popular Life of General Robert Edward Lee*; Baltimore

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(John Murphy & Co.), 1872. The preface is dated June, 1871.

⁵⁷New York (Appleton), 1874.

⁵⁸New York (Appleton), 1877.

⁵⁹New York (J. M. Stoddart and Co.), 1886.

⁶⁰Jones's criticism of the use of much of his material in the book will be found in 14 *S.H.S.P.*, p. 567.

⁶¹*Memoir*, Lynchburg (C. W. Button), ed. 1867; p. 132.

⁶²New York (Appleton).

⁶³*General Johnston*, Great Commander Series, New York (Appleton), 1893.

⁶⁴For a copy of the original circular of the Society, the writer is indebted to the kindness of Doctor St. George L. Sioussat, Chief of the MSS. Division of the Library of Congress.

⁶⁵In 23 *S.H.S.P.*, pp. 342 ff., Doctor Jones gave the full history of the origin of this controversy.

⁶⁶5 *S.H.S.P.*, p. 222.

⁶⁷New York (Appleton).

⁶⁸New Orleans (Hood Orphan Memorial Fund), 1880.

⁶⁹New York (Harpers), 1883; 2 v.

⁷⁰New York (Appleton), 1878.

⁷¹New York (Appleton).

⁷²Boston (Houghton Mifflin).

⁷³New York (Scribners), 1930.

⁷⁴*Op. cit.*, pp. xvi-xvii.

⁷⁵Harrison's letter is in 7 Rowland, *Jefferson Davis, Constitutionalist*, 547 ff. The entire history of the incident was admirably reviewed by Doctor Dallas D. Irvine in the *American Historical Review*, June, 1939, pp. 823 ff. in an article on "The Fate of the Confederate Archives."

⁷⁶*Lee's Dispatches*, edited by Douglas Southall Freeman; New York (Putnam), 1915.

⁷⁷*Ibid.*, p. xxxv.

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⁷⁸The individuals mentioned in Miss Munford's letter are easily identified. Several of them are well known. "Willie Pegram," of course, was Col. William Johnson Pegram, the gallant commanding officer of the Pegram Battalion, A. P. Hill's Third Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. Colonel Pegram was a son of Gen. James W. Pegram and Mrs. Virginia Johnson Pegram, of Richmond, and a brother of Gen. John Pegram, C. S. A. "Kate Corbin" was a devoted friend of Miss Sallie Radford Munford, and was of the well-known family of that name of Caroline County. She later was the wife of Com. John M. Brooke, Confederate States Navy, who after the conclusion of the war was a member of the faculty of the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington. "Bro. Tom" was Col. Thomas Taylor Munford, Cavalry Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. He was a son of George Wythe Munford by that gentleman's first marriage to Lucy Singleton Taylor. Colonel Munford, consequently, was an older half-brother of the writer of the letter. "Jemmie Tucker" was James Ellis Tucker, a son of Nathaniel Beverley Tucker and Jane Ellis, and a first cousin, through the maternal line, of Miss Sallie Radford Munford. A brother of James Ellis Tucker was the late Rt. Rev. Beverley Dandridge Tucker, D.D., Bishop of the Episcopal diocese of Southern Virginia. "Uncle Bev" was Nathaniel Beverley Tucker, father of "Jemmie" who had been wounded, and one of the sons of Judge Henry St. George Tucker and Ann Evelina Hunter. The reference in the letter to "the Munfords" is to Maria, Sally, and Nannie Munford, daughters of John Durburrow Munford and Eliza Roper. Their parents had been residing at the old "Tazewell Hall," in Williamsburg. These girls, who were among the first cousins of the writer, were at this time "refugeeing" in Richmond at the homes of relatives. Their father, John D. Munford, was a son of William and Sarah Radford Munford. One of

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these Munford cousins of the writer, Sally, later married Judge J. D. Coles, of Chatham, Pittsylvania County, and Nannie married Capt. Robert A. Bright, of Williamsburg, who was an aide to Gen. George E. Pickett. Maria Munford, the oldest of the three sisters, died unmarried. "The Prices" were the old family of that name which resided at "Dundee," a lovely old Hanover County home. The Prices were related to Maria, Sally, and Nannie Munford, who, as the letter states, had been planning to pay a visit to their Hanover County cousins. When the writer says "congratulate Robert for me" the reference is to Robert Beverley Munford who had been promoted to the rank of Captain and assigned as the A. Q. M. of the Pegram Battalion. He was the second son of Dr. Robert and Anne Curtis Munford and a brother of John H. Munford to whom the letter is addressed.

⁷⁹*Richmond News Leader*, July 19, 1927, p. 1; Nov. 28, 1927, p. 1, and Nov. 29, 1927, p. 8.

⁸⁰*Cf.* T. C. De Leon, *Belles, Beaux and Brains of the Sixties*; New York (G. W. Dillingham), 1909; pp. 383-85.

⁸¹Baltimore (The Norman, Remington Co.), 1920.

⁸²New York (E. T. Hale & Co.), 1867.

⁸³New York (Carleton), 1879.

⁸⁴De Leon, *op. cit.*, p. 385.

⁸⁵Mrs. Pember, *op. cit.*, pp. 37-40.

⁸⁶*Rept. of the Sen. Committee upon the Relations between Labor and Capital . . .*; 48th Congress (Washington), 1885, v. 4, pp. 311 ff.

⁸⁷New York (Appleton).

⁸⁸Mrs. Chesnut, pp. 87-88.

⁸⁹*Op. cit.*, pp. 146, 162, 166.

⁹⁰*Ibid.*, p. 162.

⁹¹New York (Belford Co.), 1890; 2 v.

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⁹²*Recollections Grave and Gay*, New York (Scribners), 1916, p. 70.

⁹³T. C. De Leon, *op. cit.*, p. 67.

⁹⁴This account of the life of Mrs. Davis in Richmond is revised from D. S. Freeman, "When War Came to Richmond," published in the Bicentennial Supplement of the *Richmond News Leader*, Sept. 8, 1937.

⁹⁵*History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850*, New York (Macmillan), 1920, v. 5, pp. 169-70. Mr. Rhodes noted: "The forfeiture by Mrs. Davis of the copyright of her book, through an informality, gave the American Congress an opportunity for a graceful deed. In 1893, the Senate and the House unanimously passed an act restoring the rights and privileges of copyright . . ."

⁹⁶Louisville, Ky. (The Prentice Press).

⁹⁷See *supra*, pp. 37 ff.

⁹⁸Edited by Kate Mason Rowland and Mrs. Morris L. Croxall, Richmond (Waddey), 1911.

⁹⁹All these facts are from the biographical sketch that precedes the *Journal*.

¹⁰⁰Sarah Morgan Dawson, *A Confederate Girl's Diary*, with an Introduction by Warrington Dawson, Boston (Houghton, Mifflin), 1913, pp. 381 ff.

¹⁰¹*Ibid.*, pp. 392-93.

¹⁰²*Ibid.*, pp. 439-40.

¹⁰³*Ibid.*, p. 440.

¹⁰⁴*Ibid.*, p. xi.

¹⁰⁵Nashville (Cullom & Ghertner), 1934.

¹⁰⁶*Op. cit.*, pp. 52, 53.

¹⁰⁷*Op. cit.*, p. 55.

¹⁰⁸See *supra*, pp. 21 ff.

¹⁰⁹*S.H.S.P.*, pp. 88-89.

¹¹⁰*S.H.S.P.*, p. 571.

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- ¹¹¹Berlin (Kittel), 1893.
- ¹¹²Berlin (Kittel), 1895-96; 3 v.
- ¹¹³*12 S.H.S.P.*, p. 232.
- ¹¹⁴Rochester, 1906; pp. 31-32.
- ¹¹⁵May-December, 1889; no article in the June issue.
- ¹¹⁶*North American Review*, December, 1889, p. 727.
- ¹¹⁷*Stonewall Jackson and the American Civil War*; New York (Longmans, Green and Co.), 1898; followed in 1936 by a one-volume edition. Although there are two "second editions," octavo and crown octavo, the book has never been revised.
- ¹¹⁸British edition, 1925; American edition, Boston (Houghton Mifflin), 1925, Chap. VIII.
- ¹¹⁹New York (Longmans).
- ¹²⁰*General Lee*, by Fitzhugh Lee; New York (Appleton), 1894.
- ¹²¹New York (Putnam), 1897.
- ¹²²Philadelphia (Lippincott).
- ¹²³See his *Stuart's Cavalry in the Gettysburg Campaign* (Moffatt, Yard), 1908.
- ¹²⁴New York (Scribners), 1903.
- ¹²⁵*Op. cit.*, p. 3.
- ¹²⁶*The Passing of the Armies*, New York (Putnam), 1915.
- ¹²⁷Gordon, *op. cit.*, p. 91.
- ¹²⁸New York (Neale), 1905; 2d edition, 1917.
- ¹²⁹New York (Scribners).
- ¹³⁰*Op. cit.*, p. 291.
- ¹³¹New York (Neale), 1903; two editions.
- ¹³²*Op. cit.*, p. III.
- ¹³³John H. Lewis, *Recollections from 1860-65*, Washington, D. C. (Peake), 1895.
- ¹³⁴The full title is: *History of the Campaign of General*

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T. J. (Stonewall) Jackson in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia from November 4, 1861, to June 17, 1862; Philadelphia (Lippincott), 1880. There are three almost contemporaneous editions, by different publishers. This is the fullest.

¹³⁵*The Battlefields of Virginia—Chancellorsville . . .*; New York (Van Nostrand), 1867. The preface is dated, Staunton, Va., April 1, 1866.

¹³⁶New York (Houghton Mifflin), 1892.

¹³⁷Colonel Allan's widow, Mrs. Elizabeth Randolph Preston Allan, in her autobiography, *A March Past*; Richmond (Dietz), 1938, gives some delightful glimpses of him.

¹³⁸New York (Harper).

¹³⁹*The Campaigns of Lieut. General N. B. Forrest and of Forrest's Cavalry*; New York (Yorn, Blalock), 1868.

¹⁴⁰Wyeth, *op. cit.*, pp. vii–viii.

¹⁴¹New York (Harper), 1914.

¹⁴²Atlanta (Confederate Publishing Co.).

¹⁴³*Battles and Sketches of the Army of Tennessee, Mexico, Mo.* (Missouri Printing and Pub. Co.), 1906.

¹⁴⁴Judge Geo. L. Christian in 44 *S.H.S.P.*, p. 229.

¹⁴⁵*Proceedings of the 36th Annual Meeting of the Grand Camp Confederate Veterans, Department of Virginia*, p. 15.

¹⁴⁶New York (Doubleday, Page).

¹⁴⁷New York (Neale).

¹⁴⁸These include: P. A. Bruce, *Robert E. Lee*, Philadelphia (Jacobs), 1907; Henry E. Shepherd, *Life of Robert Edward Lee*, New York and Washington (Neale), 1907; Thomas Nelson Page, *Robert E. Lee, Man and Soldier*, New York (Scribners), 1911; Robert W. Winston, *Robert E. Lee, A Biography*, New York (Morrow), 1934; and D. S. Freeman, *R. E. Lee*, New York (Scribners), 1934–35, 4 v.

¹⁴⁹*Op. cit.*, Boston (Houghton Mifflin), 1916, p. 207.

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¹⁵⁰*Lee's Centennial: An Address by Charles Francis Adams* . . . , Boston (Houghton Mifflin), 1907, pp. 4, 6, 7.

¹⁵¹*Ibid.*, pp. 20-21.

¹⁵²*Ibid.*, p. 35.

¹⁵³*Ibid.*, p. 69. Mr. Adams said of this speech in his *Autobiography*, pp. 207-208, "[It] has ever since been for me one of the pleasant things in life to look back on."

¹⁵⁴Jubal Anderson Early, *Autobiographical Sketch and Narrative of the War Between the States; with Notes by R. H. Early*, Philadelphia (Lippincott), 1912.

¹⁵⁵*To Markie* . . . edited by Avery Craven, Cambridge (Harvard), 1933.

¹⁵⁶*An Aide-de-Camp of Lee* . . . edited by Maj. Gen. Sir Frederick Maurice, Boston (Little, Brown), 1927.

¹⁵⁷*Memoirs of the War of Secession*, Columbia, S. C. (State Co.), 1910.

¹⁵⁸*The Making of a Soldier: Letters of General R. S. Ewell* . . . edited by Captain Percy Gatling Hamlin; Richmond (Whittet & Shepperson), 1935.

¹⁵⁹Edited by Eppa Hunton, Jr., Richmond, 1933; privately printed.

¹⁶⁰New York (Scribners), 1911.

¹⁶¹Boston (Houghton Mifflin), 1912.

¹⁶²New York (Macmillan), 1922.

¹⁶³"The Confederate Government and the Railroads," "General Robert E. Lee's Horse Supply, 1862-65"; *Amer. Hist. Review*, v. 22 and 35.

¹⁶⁴*Conscription and Conflict in the Confederacy*, New York (Macmillan), 1924.

¹⁶⁵*Desertion During the Civil War*; New York (Century), 1928.

¹⁶⁶*State Rights in the Confederacy*; Chicago (Chicago Univ.), 1925.

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¹⁶⁷Lynchburg, Va. (Bell), 1915, 2 v.

¹⁶⁸Indianapolis (Bobbs, Merrill), 1931; 2d ed., 1936.

¹⁶⁹New York (Heath), 1937.

¹⁷⁰Boston (Little, Brown), 1937.

¹⁷¹Chapel Hill (Univ. of N. C.), 1936.

¹⁷²It has seemed proper, in this connection, to omit reference to four Confederate military biographies in preparation by well-known students.

¹⁷³New York (Neale), 1929.

A CONFEDERATE BOOK SHELF

THE appended brief Reading List of books on Confederate history is designed for those who do not aspire to become specialists but wish to have a moderate familiarity with the literature. Those who make their first adventure in the field will do well to start with Robert S. Henry's *Story of the Confederacy*, and next to read Captain Lee's *Recollections and Letters of General Lee*. After those two books might come A. T. Bledsoe's *Is Davis a Traitor?* Subsequent study may be shaped by interest concerning particular books mentioned in the preceding chapters, or by the taste developed for works on some special phase of the subject. Needless to say, the Basic Reference Works are not recommended for other use than that heading suggests, though *The Photographic History of the Civil War* will hold the attention of any reader. It is superfluous to add, also, that the omission of any book from this list carries no implication that it lacks interest or historical value. This is merely a book shelf. One might list a library of excellent works.

Where reference is made to pages, after the date of publication of most of the items, mention of that work will be found on the designated page of this volume.

THE BASIC REFERENCE WORKS

Clement A. Evans, ed. *Confederate Military History*; Atlanta (Conf. Publishing Co.), 1899, 12 v. and sup.; p. 186.

R. V. Johnson and C. C. Buel, eds. *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*; New York (Century), 1887, 4 v.; pp. 82 ff.

Francis T. Miller. *The Photographic History of the Civil War*; New York (Review of Reviews), 1911, 10 v.

A CONFEDERATE BOOK SHELF

- Frank Moore, ed. *The Rebellion Record*; New York (Putnam), 1861-1865, 11 v. and sup.
Southern Historical Society Papers; Richmond (The Society), 1876-continuing, 47 v.; pp. 73 ff.
War of the Rebellion Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies; Washington (Gov. Printing Office), 1881-1900, 228 v.; pp. 89 ff.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL ISSUE

- Alfred T. Bledsoe. *Is Davis a Traitor?* Baltimore (Innes), 1866; p. 33.
Jefferson Davis. *The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government*; New York (Appleton), 1881; pp. 77 ff.
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